

PRESSIONS OF NEW YORK (Illustrated). By Ward Muir.  
ME EXPERIENCES WITH THE CHOUGH (Illustrated). By Oswald J. Wilkinson.

# COUNTRY LIFE


TAVISTOCK STREET. STRAND. LONDON. W.C. 2.



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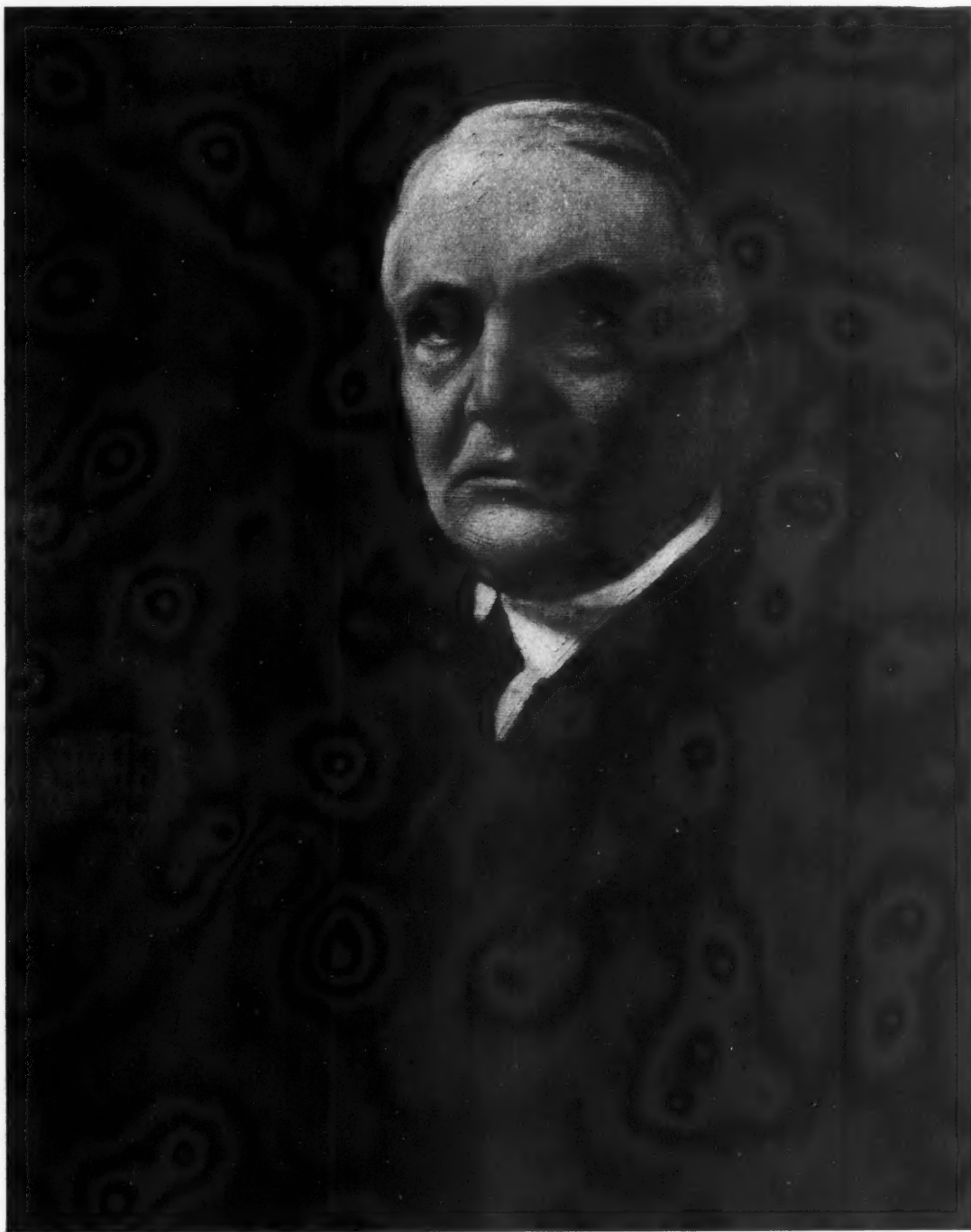
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VOL. L.—No. 1297.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12th, 1921.

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[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



PRESIDENT HARDING.

*From a painting by Mr. René Le B. de l'Hôpital.*



# COUNTRY LIFE

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## English for the English

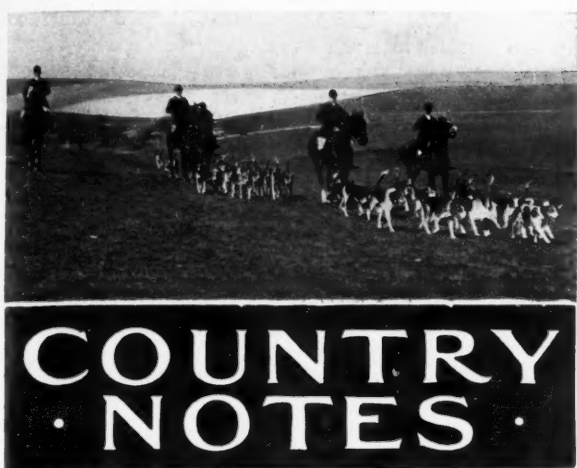
A BLUE BOOK that all interested in the teaching of children should read has been issued under the title of "The Teaching of English in England." It is very unlike the majority of official publications. It is well written. A bright and comprehensive view of the subject is given and its paramount importance is fully recognised. At present we are inclined to concentrate attention upon a single section, and that is the teaching of writing English in elementary schools. Everyone who thinks will recognise the importance of it. A seventh part of the population of England is attending the Elementary School every day. Those boys and girls must in time exercise a vast influence. They do so chiefly by the use of votes when they become of age and by the influence they exercise on writing, through their choice of books. Before there was any recognised national system of elementary education, the verdict upon a new book was that of the highly cultured. The masses, save in very few instances, never heard of new literature. To-day, their verdict counts more in one way than that of the most intellectual. It is, therefore, of great importance that pains should be taken to instil into them a knowledge of what constitutes good writing, and the best way of doing that is to teach them how to write themselves. There is no subject worse taught than English. We are glad to notice that the writer of the Report puts a heavy hand upon the word "composition," for composition

in all schools, Elementary and Secondary, instead of being the most delightful work of the day is the most boring. The reason is very simple. There are few schoolmasters who, when they set a subject for an essay, reflect that they are combining two tasks which ought to be kept separate. No human being, to say nothing of children, can write well upon anything in which he is not interested. Anyone who is full of a subject and anxious to explain it to a distant friend will write a good letter. Technically, it will reflect the writer's culture or want of culture, but in some way he will manage to make his meaning clear. Therefore, the first step towards securing good essays is to create interest in the mind of the pupil and make sure that he has acquired an abundant knowledge of the subject.

One of the schoolmasters who gave evidence touched upon a point without fully developing it when he said that the use of English was to a large extent imparted when papers were set in other subjects—in history, for example. To put this in other words, English should be the atmosphere—existent everywhere. A child should be taught clearness of statement on every occasion when he has to write at all. Indeed, the habit should be inculcated before the pen is taken in hand. The oral answer to a question should be clear and pointed. Talking and writing react one upon the other, and the first quality aimed at in style should be simplicity. The early sentences should have only a subject and predicate. In the first place, the habit of short sentences tends to accuracy. The most backward scholar can scarcely make a mistake when he writes a sentence like "The dog ran." No unnecessary word should be permitted. It is sufficient at first that every sentence should be grammatically correct and express something clearly. When a little story or a little essay has to be written, the scholar will already have realised that his statement must be clear and finished. If he has got that thoroughly into his mind he will soon be able to avoid mistakes altogether. He will find from experience that it will be impossible to express every concept of his mind in two or three simple words, but even then, the telegraphic despatch should be his model. There is no need to argue that composition would be nothing if individuality were not expressed in it. Where individuality is strong it surmounts every obstacle to its expression, and will do so none the less effectually because of the acquired habit of brevity and clearness. They are qualities which should be allowed to develop naturally, the business of the preceptor being mainly confined to enforcing sincerity and the avoidance of "terrific diction." To a few this may be impossible. Some are born splashers, and, sooner or later, they will splash in spite of the best teaching. The majority, however, will in this way come to understand the value of simplicity and sincerity. It will give much aid even to those few who feel within themselves the capacity to attain to writing literature. They will find that the mental picture which is drawn with a firm and exact line by that very fact most readily reaches the comprehension of a reader. Those, on the other hand, who have to use English in ordinary callings will soon be able to express themselves in a way that would not lay them open to complaints such as those from business men collected in this book. Messrs. Vickers, Limited, "find great difficulty in obtaining junior clerks who can speak and write English clearly and correctly, especially those aged from 15 to 16 years." Messrs. Lever Brothers feel it "a great surprise and disappointment" to find their young people hopelessly deficient in command of English. Such complaints are heard too often and with too much justice from the mouths of great employers of labour. The fact, indeed, imposes a handicap upon the men and women into which these young people grow. One does not blame them, because the Elementary School children have not the home advantages belonging to those of a superior class. At home they probably have to listen to language which has no grammar and no logic.

\* \* \* Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.





## COUNTRY NOTES

WE agree with Dr. Voelcker and Sir Howard Frank that the teaching of agriculture could very advantageously be introduced into all the schools of the country; but, perhaps, there is something not so alluring as there might be to childhood in the word "agriculture." Some more attractive name might be given it as something to be taught in Elementary and Secondary schools. Unfortunately, or fortunately, everybody is not interested in the science, and at first, at any rate, it would be difficult to find teachers who could impart its simplest essentials. Some, perhaps even a majority, have little to do with their own gardens, but practically every child is interested in what to him is the wonder and mystery of a thing growing. Let even a very young child be permitted to drop a bean or pea into a place prepared for it and then be afterwards taken to observe the first green sprout coming out of the ground, and there will be no lack of interest. From that infantile stage the progress need not be slow. It will soon be possible to make the budding intelligence aware that the seed grows better in soil that was prepared for it than it does in the unprepared; and that digging—that is, turning the ground over and exposing to the sun what was previously at the bottom of the furrow—will produce a better plant. Next, the effect of manures may be shown, at first in the simplest possible way, but leading up to first-rate manuring. No doubt, a scheme of that kind would be encouraged by the manufacturers of chemical manures, perhaps even by giving some small prize for the most successful use of their product. Along that line—the line of practical growth—lies the interest which, after all, is the great incentive to a man or woman taking to agriculture.

THE Labour Members' recently issued land policy would receive more attention if a larger proportion of the Labour Members would devote part of their time to a serious study of food production. In point of fact, they attend in very unsatisfactory numbers at every agricultural debate, and it is seldom indeed that any Labour Member contributes a useful or thoughtful suggestion. We take, a contention of theirs with which we agree. It is that the total food production of the nation might very largely be increased if only the proper steps were taken. Let us try to test this by existing conditions. A farmer received two years ago ninety-five shillings a quarter for his wheat. This year he produced it of superior quality and had to sell it at from forty-three to forty-five shillings per quarter. When he received ninety-five shillings he was paying a low rate of wages. When he sold at forty-three shillings he paid a higher rate. Now, in the matter of wheat, is this state of affairs likely to result in increased production? If the Labour Leaders think so, we would very much like to know their reasons for doing so. It is the same with their other suggestions—they are large and vague, but do not deal concretely with the subject.

BEFORE issuing a pamphlet like the one before us they should have broken their broad statements into parts so that more concrete proposals should emerge.

A few days ago we showed that fruit production could be so largely increased that, in this matter, as in regard to milk and, we might add, potatoes, the country should be self-supporting. Fruit, however, is not one of the very large items. Cereals and stock-raising are the two great agricultural pursuits. If the Labour Members want to win recruits in the country they should take these matters up and show either from statistics or experiments how much larger the crops produced could possibly be, and how the improvement can be effected without expenditure beyond the return. Often in these columns it has been argued that this result in regard to food production is possible. Crops might be grown in this country as good as those of Holland or Belgium, but we want evidence that Labour Members have studied the details of the case and are prepared to support their proposals by facts and sober common-sense. Such propositions as theirs, that the ownership of land should be abolished seem to be superfluous, to say the least of it, when, in the same breath, security of tenure is demanded. From whom is security of tenure to be obtained if not from owners of the land?

### ARMISTICE.

Nor heat nor cold nor rain  
Shall trouble you,  
Nor weariness of spirit nor hasting years,  
Nor strife of men, nor bitter pride again,  
Nor love nor laughter  
Nor tears.

Dawn and sundown and silence  
Shall cover you;  
Summer and Spring and the tireless Earth shall keep  
Guard, and Beauty be yours, and over you  
Night and the stars  
And sleep.

ANGELA GORDON.

A RECENT petition to the Queen from that remote wing of the Highlands, Ardnamurchan, reveals incredibly difficult conditions of life in the hamlets of Sanna and Plocaig. These difficulties arise from the absence of land communications. For eighty years the crofters have, while compelled to pay road rates, appealed in vain for roads, the Road Board's only promise being that if the crofters will construct these it will maintain them! The region of Ardnamurchan, bordered on the north-east by "dark Loch Shiel" and westward by the Atlantic, is rich in memories and love of tradition. Here Prince Charlie's standard was raised; here, by the magic of a personal appeal the late Chief of Clanranald in three weeks summoned a thousand clansmen to join the Naval Reserve. This petition to Her Majesty is another link in the chain binding the crofter to his chiefs, and it has met with gracious and deserved sympathy. Moreover, if houses are the heart of a land, roads are the arteries which feed that heart. The fact that the petition was signed by one hundred and four women suggests an appeal from home-makers to one who knows well the Imperial value of home. COUNTRY LIFE lately published a protest against the hideousness of certain new buildings defacing this very district. That funerals leaving Sanna for the distant burial ground should, to quote a *Times* correspondent, have to "struggle and scramble over rocks, sometimes sinking knee deep in bogs," for lack of roads is a state of things unworthy of Scotland and of that new world for which Highlanders gave their lives.

THE high wind of last Saturday night formed a good argument for the laying of telephone lines underground even in the country. Wayside trees are extremely brittle this year, and in certain parts of the country huge boughs of green oak and elm were tossed by the wind on to the telephone wires and broke or carried them to the ground, thus stopping the service. It has been officially stated that a considerable amount of work for the unemployed will be devoted to laying underground trunk lines all over the country. This would really be very productive work, and we hope it will be hurried on as fast as possible. Overhead wires in the country have long been open to this

objection. In storms it is not only that the service is stopped, there is another danger where, as frequently happens, the wire is hung over the road. This must occur wherever it is carried—either on account of a turning or because the road is not straight—from one side to the other. The wire may drop on to the ground, in which case no great danger is run, but more often it is suspended at an altitude low enough to catch any even moderately high vehicle; and in many cases that means catching the driver. The motor would, of course, run through it, but the horse-driven carriage would be checked, and in one instance known to the writer, the sharp wire cut the face of a driver like a knife.

THE Chief Constable of Hertfordshire has addressed a well considered letter on motoring to the county magistrates. If motorists in general would take his views to heart, the result would be to assist motor traffic, on the one hand, and, on the other, to protect wayfarers from accident. He first points out that "the rule of the road" now includes a number of maxims each of which tends to make travel on the roads faster. The first case he takes is that of a driver coming on to the main road from a lesser road or a carriage drive or avenue. It is his duty to come on to the main road in the manner most likely to suit the convenience of those already on it. Equally plain and specified are his directions as to the other incidents of motoring that are dangerous if great care is not taken. Colonel Law points out that the police in the county act in accordance with these directions. The old trap is discontinued, but anyone who makes a breach of the new rules is thereby considered to have driven dangerously, within the meaning of the Act.

SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND'S statement on the Everest Expedition at the opening meeting of the Royal Geographical Society was brief, but full of matter. The great point is his reference to Colonel Bury's final despatch and his own comment. Sir Francis considers that the real tussle is to come. Next year it is hoped to reorganise the expedition to attempt the great feat of reaching the summit of the mountain. It will be an opportunity for "men who can, when exhausted by the increasing rarity of the atmosphere, stand the terrific blizzards and the frightful cold which they will encounter on those crucial two miles of knife-edge ridge." It will, indeed, be necessary to do all the staff work that can be done to help them. A new leader will be required, because Colonel Howard Bury has been away for two successive years, and his home in Ireland needs his attention. The expedition will have to leave Darjeeling about March 21st, as May and June are said by experts to be the best months for climbing Everest. Very welcome was the President's announcement that, although in the ordinary course of things the chairmanship of the Mount Everest Committee should now have devolved upon the President of the Alpine Club, he had accepted the invitation of the Committee to retain the position for a year longer. Thus the advantage of his special knowledge of local conditions will still be available.

THE King Edward's Hospital Fund, as the Local Voluntary Hospital Committee for London, have now reported in regard to the situation of the London hospitals. They estimate that the aggregate deficit on the maintenance account for the year ending December 31st, 1921, will amount to at least £360,000. As all the larger hospitals, including the medical schools, will show heavy deficits, the figures are very bad, even though the deficit is not so great as it was last year. The long-threatened hospital crisis must arrive very soon unless a permanent method of solving the difficulty is found. One cannot help thinking that the time has come for the people of this country to lay aside the little bit of Phariseism with which they regard racing. Let racing be acknowledged as a legitimate amusement, and establish for its management some institution akin to the *Pari-mutuel* of France, and the hospital difficulty would be got over without expense to the taxpayer. The essence of the *Pari-mutuel* is that

a small, but not unimportant, proportion of the income goes to the Government. It is not desirable that they should treat this as though it were part of the ordinary revenue of the country. They could earmark it for the hospitals, and, seeing the popularity of racing in this country and the amount of betting that goes on, it is more than possible that the whole of the subsidiary funds required for making the hospitals self-supporting could be obtained from that source.

THERE is, unfortunately, no doubt that apples are keeping very badly this season. There is considerable divergence of opinion among experts as to the cause, but it is probable that the fruit, when at length more growing conditions prevailed, commenced to elaborate fresh tissue at a season when development should have been completed. This unripened tissue is probably the cause of the trouble. However problematical the cause, there is no doubt whatever as to the extent of the trouble and the loss which is likely to ensue. Apples stored under the very best conditions appear to be decaying almost as badly as those kept in cellars, barrels and other unsuitable quarters. Everyone who has apples in store should go through their stocks at frequent intervals and remove all fruits which show symptoms of decay. It would, perhaps, in some instances be possible by pulping and rendering down to minimise the loss. In the cider counties the cider press will this year almost certainly be called upon to treat apples of a class it very seldom has to deal with. When all is said, he is a wise man who knows when to cut his losses. This has been an apple year, and the strain of carrying the crop during so trying a season has patently had a deleterious effect on next year's fruit buds. It is peculiarly unfortunate, therefore, that the crop is keeping so badly.

#### TO GROW UPON HIS GRAVE.

For their unfading courage, sane and sweet,  
Wallflowers, as is meet;  
And daffodils, that poise upon the wing,  
For their eternal spring;  
Lilies of the valley for their singing name  
(His song being done, returned to whence it came);  
Last, in a sky-dropt loveliness above  
His dust, forget-me-nots for love.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

AFTER seven years, during which it was not published, a new edition of "Burke's Landed Gentry" has come out, and with the issue the publication completes the ninety-first year of its existence, a magnificent testimony to its usefulness and vitality. Never since its inception has the volume been called upon to deal with more material than has accumulated since the beginning of the war. During the latter half of that period, at any rate, the country has been changing hands with a vengeance, and, although the acceleration has calmed down now, it will probably burst out again in the course of a few years. At any rate, the student of old English pedigrees will find much to interest him in the volume. Over a hundred articles have disappeared, but of these, thirty-five have been transferred to the pages of Burke's Peerage. Most of the others have died out or it has been impossible to find any particulars.

MORE than two hundred articles appear for the first time. They are not all newcomers. Many represent families which have held land for generations and should have been chronicled before, and in two cases articles which had disappeared from the volume for many years have been revived because of the re-acquisition of estates which had passed out of the possession of the family. The majority of the newcomers are those who have become landed proprietors recently. The Editor cautiously expresses his opinion that the rise of a new class of landed gentry possessed of means which enable them to develop estates which had become impoverished, cannot be without benefit to the country. He adds that the process has been going on for centuries. It is the acceleration of the pace, which is the characteristic of to-day.



THE Rugby football players of France have just given us a sharp reminder, if any were needed, of their increasing excellence. Last week two Welsh sides, Cardiff and Cross Keys, and one English one, Bridgwater, paid a visit to France. Cardiff we all know, and Cross Keys, though less famous, had an unbeaten record for the season in Welsh club football. All three teams returned home with their tails between their legs. A trip to Paris is so delightful a thing that it may still produce a certain

light-hearted and irresponsible spirit in visiting fifteens that contributes to their downfall. Welsh Rugby football, moreover, is not what it once was, as a famous French player of earlier days has mournfully declared. Making due allowance for these two circumstances, however, the fact remains—and a very pleasant one it is—that in the French players any International side has worthy and dangerous foemen. They can be irresistibly dashing in attack, and they grow yearly cooler and steadier in defence.

## THE FLANDERS POPPY

*(This flower, at the suggestion of Earl Haig, will henceforth be worn on Armistice Day, in memory of those who fell in the Great War.)*

Frailest of flowers!  
When war's fever madden'd,  
And Death hourly sadden'd,  
Our eyes were oft gladden'd—  
After heart-breaking hours—  
By Thee.

Many, Man-grown,  
From the war never came,  
And leave but a name,  
Or a title to Fame,  
And a grave—that's unknown—  
But to Thee.

Where'er Man wanders,  
Henceforth thou shalt be—  
Emblem of the free:  
Of the common red clay  
Of Humanity!  
This be thy lay—  
Poppy of Flanders.

NORMAN C. GOULD.

## AMERICA'S PRESIDENT

WARREN G. HARDING, America's chosen leader, is a very popular President. He has the name, even among those most disposed to criticise, of having done nothing wrong so far. The thinkers would prefer a more intellectual leader with more pronounced opinions and enthusiasms. But there is little doubt that with the broad masses of the American electorate he is increasingly liked. The political prophets on that side of the water already see him elected for a second term, and the Democratic Party is preparing to win, not at the end of four years, but at the end of eight. Harding was merely the nominee of the Republican Party last election. Anyone the Republicans put forward was bound to win. The party had a choice of some most distinguished men—Hoover, Senator Johnson, General Leonard Wood, to say nothing of solid types like Governor Lowden and Professor Butler. The issue seemed to be between the army's idol, Leonard Wood, and "Hell-roaring Hiram Johnson," the violent progressive Republican from California. But the choice fell on an outsider, the somewhat demure but safe and conventional Senator Harding. Harding was elected by the greatest of majorities when he was submitted to the country. He proved to be a perfect choice. His campaign, moreover, was politically well managed. Cox, the nominee of the Democratic Party, could do no better than pretend he was "wet," throw himself into the hands of the Irish, and finally accuse Harding of having Negro blood, as if that were a crime. The "colour" accusation was, of course, false.

The new President is not a moralist like Wilson, or a heroic stage figure like Roosevelt; and he has not their type of ability. But he has his own virtues, the chief of which is tact, and the second human-kindness. He has made no enemies, he has known how to use men, he has chosen his cabinet well—and then, no blind man, or orphan, or widow that wanted to shake hands with him has been denied. No deputation of any society in the United States has been turned away from the White House or received by a secretary instead of by the President himself. He has met the insignificant and the lowly, and has consistently been photographed in their company. His political manager is shrewd, and his personal publicity work is all disposed toward building him a substantial popularity for the rest of his life. Then the fiery men have been got out of the way—Wood to the Philippines, Harvey to London. Hoover and Hughes have both been ably made use of. Apparently only Johnson remains capable of making a split in favour of Rooseveltian progressivism, but somehow even he seems to have been

won over, and the "Hell-roarer" coos like any "sucking dove." All the late summer and autumn, feeling in the United States has been running in favour of England. The publication of the Valera-Lloyd George correspondence has had a marked effect in dissociating America from sympathy with Ireland. It is generally thought that England has done her utmost to bring about peace. Then, the taking up of the Harding proposal for a conference on disarmament has reacted strongly in our favour. It has helped President Harding at the outset of his administration, it has helped America to forget the bitterness of the Wilson failure, and it will probably help—if not to avoid wars in general, at least to avoid war between America and Britain. The idea of Mr. Lloyd George visiting America has filled the masses with an extraordinary enthusiasm. They are hero-worshippers on that side, and to them David Lloyd George is a sort of second Roosevelt.

In President Harding America has a characteristic and typical man. He does not stand above the general level in intelligence, and his position corresponds to that held by Mr. Bonar Law or Mr. Austen Chamberlain. He is a common-sense Conservative. His party, especially the old guard, love to talk of tariff as if it regulated all the ways of national well-being. He came into power to the slogans "Hundred per cent. Americanism," "America First," "Keep the Foreigner out." But the reality of the situation has been that the price of the dollar has kept America out—out of foreign markets. The revision of the tariff has proved an arduous task—arduous and not popular. And as for 100 per cent. Americanism—as an American friend said to me: "After all, 100 per cent. Americanism is 95 per cent. village idiot." It is 95 per cent. general benevolence and kindness. Benevolence is the main characteristic of Harding.

Apart from the inauguration of the disarmament conclave, the chief action of the Harding administration so far has been an endeavour to protect the Negro and the foreign-born. A nation-wide appeal has been started against the infamous Ku Klux Klan, a public enquiry into its activities is being made, and there is the chance that it will be forcibly disbanded. The sympathies of the Jews and the Catholics have been brought into play, for they also have been threatened by the Ku Klux. It proves to be a popular campaign, and as the members of the Klan are nearly all "Democrats" of the "solid South" no votes will be lost to the Republicans by fighting them.

So President Harding is making his name famous, and Wilson is being forgotten.

STEPHEN GRAHAM.



# IMPRESSIONS OF NEW YORK

WHERE THE BRITISH DELEGATES FIRST TOUCH AMERICAN SOIL.

BY WARD MUIR.



LIBERTY ISLAND.

WHEN the British delegates to the Washington Conference catch their first glimpse of America, some of them will be reminded of the skyline of Venice. The New York skyline, at a sufficient distance, resembles a frieze of church spires, rising out of the sea, against a heaven which, though paler than the Italian heaven, is almost as clear. But as the steamer approaches the Statue of Liberty, the skyscrapers grouped at the end of Manhattan Island slowly reveal themselves in all their surprising detail—and the Venetian illusion vanishes. The *campanili* of St. Mark's and of Santa Maria Maggiore are pigmy affairs compared with the Woolworth, the Singer and the other prodigious temples of Mammon clustered round Wall Street. These buildings are relatively so thin in proportion to their stature that, at a distance, they looked like towers; but when we come closer we see that the word "tower" does not properly describe them. If the whole nave of Cologne Cathedral were as tall as the steeple, the cathedral would still be a cathedral, it would not have become, itself, a steeple, however high it had climbed above the surrounding roots. So with these skyscrapers. They seem to be pillars, obelisks, minarets—but they are only gigantic houses. And when all the houses in New York are equally gigantic, the skyline will have ceased to be remarkable. For of course, though there are already countless skyscrapers in New York, there still remain a majority of normal edifices.

The Englishman who, arriving in New York for the first time, expects to find it entirely composed of skyscrapers, will

be just as wrong if he expects to find that all its streets are straight, are nameless except for a number, and run at right angles to each other. If he landed at the Battery and strolled up-town he might almost imagine himself in Liverpool. Only after walking for a considerable distance would he enter a realm of pure geometry: the newer New York, all of which is laid out on the draughts-board principle. Let it be added that, for the newcomer as well as for the resident, this is a genuine relief. Rectangles may offend the artist, but they are strictly logical in the town-planning which was involved in the creation of most American cities. After a moment's study of the New York system the veriest child can grasp its commonsense. Suppose a visitor to London wishes to reach 275, Brompton Road, or 130, Fleet Street, he may tramp up and down these thoroughfares interminably before he alights on his destination; but if he wishes to find 275, East 65th Street, or 130, West 15th Street, he will know instantly not only how many blocks up Fifth Avenue the cross street lies, but also how many blocks to right or left. And the European who happens to hate Euclid can comfort himself, if he chooses, with the observation that the one illogical street in New York is also its chief artery, namely, Broadway itself, which slants like a rent across a map otherwise reminiscent of the neat mosaic on a check plaid.

The "old" part of New York, where the crooked (and named) streets are, is small, crowded and noisy. The noise is due partly to the elevated railway trains, the surface cars, and the wagons; but there is no doubt that it is magnified by the



THE WOOLWORTH AND SINGER BUILDINGS FROM THE WATER FRONT.



ABOVE THE SKYSCRAPERS: NEW YORK SEEN FROM THE AIR.

canyon-like effect of the high buildings. On Lower Broadway it is difficult to carry on a kerbstone conversation during the rush hours; yet nothing is more striking, to the Londoner, than the comparative silence obtainable in many New York offices. In a London office overlooking Cheapside or the Strand it is sometimes impossible to keep the window open, so confusing is the din of passing 'buses; but many a similar New York office is twenty storeys above the pavement, and the window opens on to a delightful upper-air calm. Owing to the ban on soft coal in New York, the atmosphere is extremely pure; and although faint mists sometimes blur the outlines, the view from

some of the bigger buildings is superb. The truth is that the tremendous height and bulk of any skyscraper are better grasped when we look at it from a neighbouring skyscraper than when we peer up at it from below: we see it then as a cliff descending into valley depths, and gauge its altitude, and our own, accordingly. One of the most famous view-points is at the fiftieth storey of the Metropolitan Life Building. We are here 700ft. above the ground, and over on the New Jersey side we descry a murky smudge, where factory chimneys are emitting clouds of grime. The contrast to the feathers of white steam which flutter from New York's own chimneys, and which



Ward Muir.

A NEW YORK SKYLINE: FROM BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

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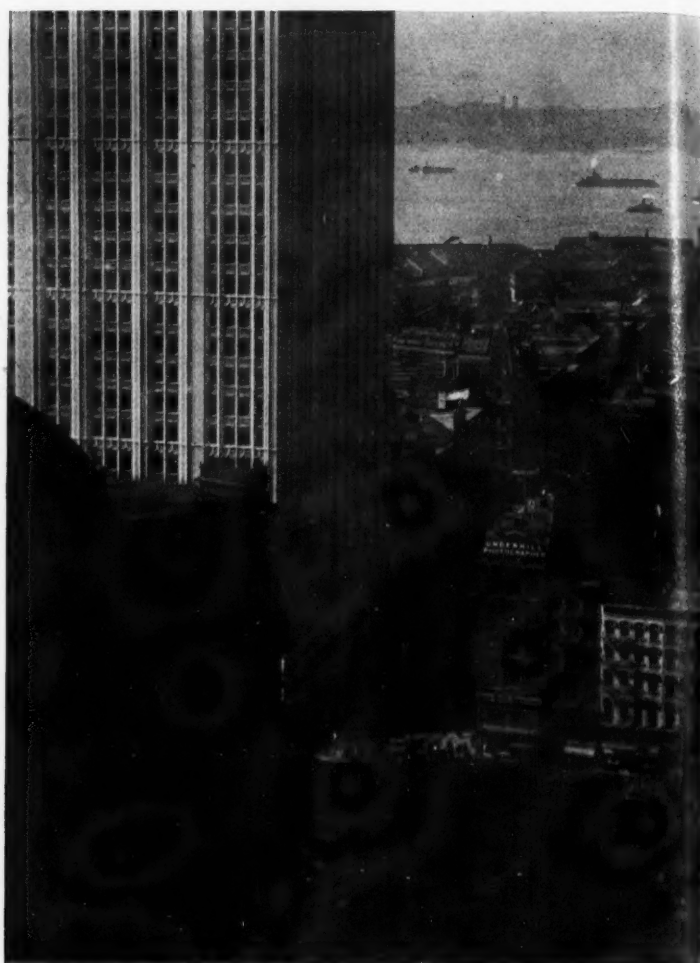
cause no pollution whatever, is an ocular proof of the probable veracity of the statistics showing the low death-rate from consumption in New York compared with that of cities whose anti-smoke laws are less drastic. What with the absence of soot and the great altitude, the visitor to the Metropolitan lookout balcony breathes air reminiscent of an Alp top. The exhilaration is extraordinary. The vista too is extraordinary. Its immediate foreground is occupied by those strange precipices of architecture whose cubistic perspective has a prison-like aspect—until evening shadows fall, and the lamps are switched on. When this occurs, each precipice becomes jewelled with hundreds of lighted panes. Nowhere in Europe is there any city spectacle to match New York at dusk. In the theatre district a galaxy of electric advertisements dither and whirl, spelling out their praises of patent medicines and foods; but we have a scarcely inferior entertainment for the unsophisticated at our own Piccadilly Circus. What we have not got is the skyscraper; and the wonder of New York's night is less in the deliberate fantasia of the pleasure-world's raree-show than in the undesigned decoration of gleam



A glimpse of the Woolworth Building.  
The City Hall in the foreground.

and glitter made by the myriad office windows of the business quarter.

Among our delegates to America there may be temperaments who will pronounce the New York note a little strident; but from the quiet apex of the Woolworth or the Metropolitan the city itself can be contemplated with something of the aloofness of a traveller by aeroplane; and such a detached view not only dispels the sentimental fancy of a modern Venice; it soon suggests that New York simulates no particular phenomenon of any sort on our side of the Atlantic. A realisation of what this infers would prevent dangerous misunderstandings, inasmuch as our friendship with the Americans must be based not on the vague idea that they are a people virtually the same as ourselves, but on the cordial recognition that in many respects they are different. To object to these characteristic differences is as intolerant as to bemoan the fact that the skyscrapers are not really the ornamental and poetic turrets which our imagination painted them when we gazed from the deck of the arriving steamer.



THE CLIFF OF WINDOWS: AN IMPRESSION OF THE WOOLWORTH BUILDING.



Ward Muir.

THE CITY OF A BILLION WINDOWS: FROM THE METROPOLITAN BUILDING.

Copyright.



# BIRDS-AT-LAW

**A**UTUMN thoughts often go back to spring memories. Like the great angler who is incidentally a great statesman, and who confesses that in the close season for salmon he has to make and keep a vow not to permit day dreams of pool and salmon to oust politics from his mind in November I am often in spring. April is a busy month in the Temple. The great invasion of birds is taking place. Old world eaves and rambling courtways are alive to a chorus of joyous twitterings. Under the gables and around the ugly gargoyles anxious mothers and flurried fathers whirl and flutter, busy about the building of hundreds of nests, or engage in quaint courtships on adjacent window ledges. Round the placid waters of the fountain, which serve the dual purpose of a drink and a bath, at sunset and in the early morning the birds foregather by the score.

Starlings, sparrows beyond count, an occasional thrush, finches that have dropped down for a breather in their long migratory flight, and pigeons innumerable for the most part compose this great invading force, with a quite representative family of shy woodpigeons. Curiously enough the least likely of wild birds to take kindly to bricks and mortar, these wood-pigeons now for some years have haunted the stony crannies of the inns. While a couple of canaries and a love-bird, escaped from neighbouring cages, add colour and variety to the feathered revel.

There is even an owl, vouched for by old servants of the inn though elusive to less practised eyes, that of spring evenings swoops eerily unheard across the still night air, and that only by the sudden terrorised fluttering amid the tree tops betrays his sinister presence. This nocturnal visitor, one is given to understand, nightly makes his pilgrimage from Epping Forest, others say Hampstead Heath, though no one yet has been able to trace him to his secret lair.

There must be something in the Temple air, some healthy quality which appeals to parents in the bird world. Every year hundreds of London birds invade the inns, build their nests, rear their large families and fly off again—one presumes to the various parks and squares. Perhaps it may be the vast silences of these legal surroundings create an atmosphere which lends itself to the bringing up of fledglings.

The long-forgotten fathers of the inns with their quaint ideas on the subject of architecture so jumbled trees with bricks and mortar that more often than not one's window commands an intimate and, in more senses than one, bird's eye view of these busy April doings. One has the sensation of being oneself among the tree tops.

In this intimate survey pigeons of both sorts predominate. Courtship is naturally the first activity. It differs but little

from the human variety, and is obvious in a familiar disregard of the contemplation of others and a wealth of delicate extravagances. There are—another human touch this—the same jilted swains and forsaken lovely maidens.

House finding follows courtship with a rapidity lacking in delicacy from a mere mortal's point of view. But it is a very thorough and practical business. Follows a personal inspection of likely gutter-spouts, displaced slates, sheltered ledges and vacant gargoyles. For some days the happy couple are to be seen waddling along ledges and roof-tops at a great speed. Then begins the serious business of nest building.

In these early stages one has but an impersonal interest in one's feathered neighbours; finds that one is being kept at arm's length as it were. The cock bird is to be seen gallantly trying to peck off impossibly large twigs from near-by branches or standing a bristling sentry over the site of the contemplated nest. The hen, the real worker in the partnership, from sunrise to twilight forages the ground for such serviceable articles as fallen twigs, pieces of string, moss, stray bits of cloth and even matchsticks. It is only when the fledglings are ready for the first trial flight that the human's interest is invited or expected.

Family larders have then to be greatly replenished. Disdainful parents swoop down upon the proffered crumbs on the window sill almost with an air of condescension, and bear them off triumphantly to an ever-hungry nest. That same window sill—if one has proved a trustful ally—later may be commandeered for the youngsters' flying ground. Gawky bundles, all beak and round, staring eyes, flop suddenly down from the branches and fly off again in the same ungainly fashion and with a tremendous to do. Through every phase of these activities, however, there is apparent a method and a thoroughness that is a lesson to the human, certainly an eloquent moral to those unneighbourly lawyers.

There are laws in the pigeon world, laws more stern and unrelenting than any ever studied behind musty windows beneath their favoured haunts. Every Temple court, and, curiously enough, the pigeons in one court rarely venture into another, boasts its acknowledged leader, a stout and dignified old gentleman who lays down the law with an iron beak.

In pairing time he assumes the rôle of unofficial umpire, guarding intrusion on the cocks' time-honoured declarations from any other feathered roving Lothario. The Pooh-Bah of the feathered world, among his many duties this patriarch—he must be either a widower or of a misogynist nature—includes that of inspecting surveyor of nests, minister of housing and of health and lord chancellor with drastic powers. EDGAR C. MIDDLETON.

## SOME EXPERIENCES WITH THE CHOUGH

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY OSWALD J. WILKINSON.

**R**ARELY met with far from its breeding haunts, it is small wonder this handsome specious fowl is but little known, for its haunts are few indeed. Lingering as it does in one or two wild and rugged coastwise regions, its numbers fluctuate from year to year, yet it would appear doomed eventually to extinction as a British breeding species, in spite of protection afforded it by legal enactments. If one were asked to advance a theory as to why the chough should decrease in numbers as it has done during the past few generations, one might suggest that, as some species are less adaptable than others in meeting changed conditions following

the advance of civilisation, so is the chough less able to survive as man encroaches on the wild and desolate regions it loves so well.

Those that survive realise to the full their lot as a persecuted and much harried species. Their cry is sad and plaintive, and as they wander in their peculiar and indecisive fashion along the edges of the cliffs a company of choughs may be identified amid a congregation of other crows quite readily, even though they were by some unheard of miracle to remain silent. They rise and fall in easy undulations, each outstretched primary standing out distinctly like the fingers of a hand, and with



THE SUN SHONE ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE BIRD.

gentle wing-beat they change direction or neutralise the influence of some contrary atmospheric current.

At a distance of a hundred yards or so the chough resembles a daw, but is in reality a larger and more striking bird. The entire plumage is glossy black with steel-blue and violet reflections. The beak, which is nearly two inches in length and with a downward curve, is bright coral red, likewise the legs and toes, the claws being jet black. From this brief description, inadequate though it may be, it is easy to recognise the bird as being a most elegant fowl. Seen at close quarters on the point of a French-grey rock, protruding from a mass of brilliant green and white sea campion, with a light blue sky above, and a deep blue sea as a background to the bird, is to realise there could be few more beautiful pictures in nature.

In selecting a site for its nest the chough shows remarkable cunning. Very rarely it is that a situation accessible by ordinary means is chosen, and in such cases the nest is usually robbed. As a rule, a deep cleft or fissure in the cliff face is used, or a shelf or ledge high up near the roof of a tidal cave. Cases have been known of nests built in ventilation eyes to mine shafts, and also below huge boulders weighing many tons, but in all of these instances or examples the birds were quite secure and photography out of the question. The most accessible nest the writer has seen was in a cleft on a cliff face some thirty feet from the



THE ENTIRE PLUMAGE IS GLOSSY BLACK.

summit and three hundred feet above sea level. By leaning over the edge, with someone holding one's heels, the eggs could be seen in a dark corner below.

Until the spring of the present year no suitable opportunity had presented itself for taking photographs of the chough. Having scoured most of the nesting haunts, Dr. Heatherley, who accompanied the writer, retired to commence a series of experiments on the gullibility of ravens and hooded crows, and the writer set out to search a small island. It was late in May, and chances of success were growing remote, for young chough should, by this time, be well feathered. Day was drawing to a close as a landing was effected, and the remainder of the evening occupied in conveying baggage up the boulder-strewn shore to the foot of the cliff. Here a tent was pitched on a small plateau in readiness for the night, and having, incidentally, smashed the quart Thermos of tea and dropped the remainder of the rations for the next twenty-four hours into the sea, one had ample scope for reflection.

Grey dawn behind the crags was heralded by the usual chorus of laughter from the gulls. A rosy tinge crept over the eastern sky as a familiar call was heard. Glancing through the door of the tent, the dark outline of a crow could be seen on a ridge immediately above, and as it turned its head to call again it raised its wings and tail as if the notes were quite an effort. Chough undoubtedly it was. In a few minutes the bird departed, but at six o'clock the call was heard again from the same direction. Feeling there was some prospect of photographing the bird, the tent was moved upwards to a new site commanding the



A TYPICAL ATTITUDE OF THE RED-LEGGED CROW.

ridge, and the camera mounted inside. A cord was carried from the shutter some rooyds. away to the water's edge, and from here a watch was kept for the return of the bird.

After an interval of two hours it returned, but through the glasses it was seen to be out of focus, and nervously apprehensive of the new arrangement of things, it moved from one spot to another for half an hour or so. Then growing more confident, it descended into the cleft, and one could hear the music of the young, like a miniature orchestra of zither players, clamouring to be fed. In a few minutes the bird emerged and flew to the ridge, when the rooyd. length of cord was pulled. The rapid departure of the bird suggested that an exposure had been made, which an inspection proved to be the case. As the sun shone on the far side of the bird, the back was, unfortunately, in shadow, so the record was not quite as successful as it might have been if taken a few hours previously.

The fissure proved to have its entrance in the most awkward place possible, and this awkward entrance had another barrier across it like a flying buttress, some ten feet inside. The hole at the top was too high to see over or through, and the one at the bottom was just large enough to permit a half-starved fox-terrier to enter, and for the writer to see a nest full of young



THE MALE PRESENTED A FRONT VIEW.



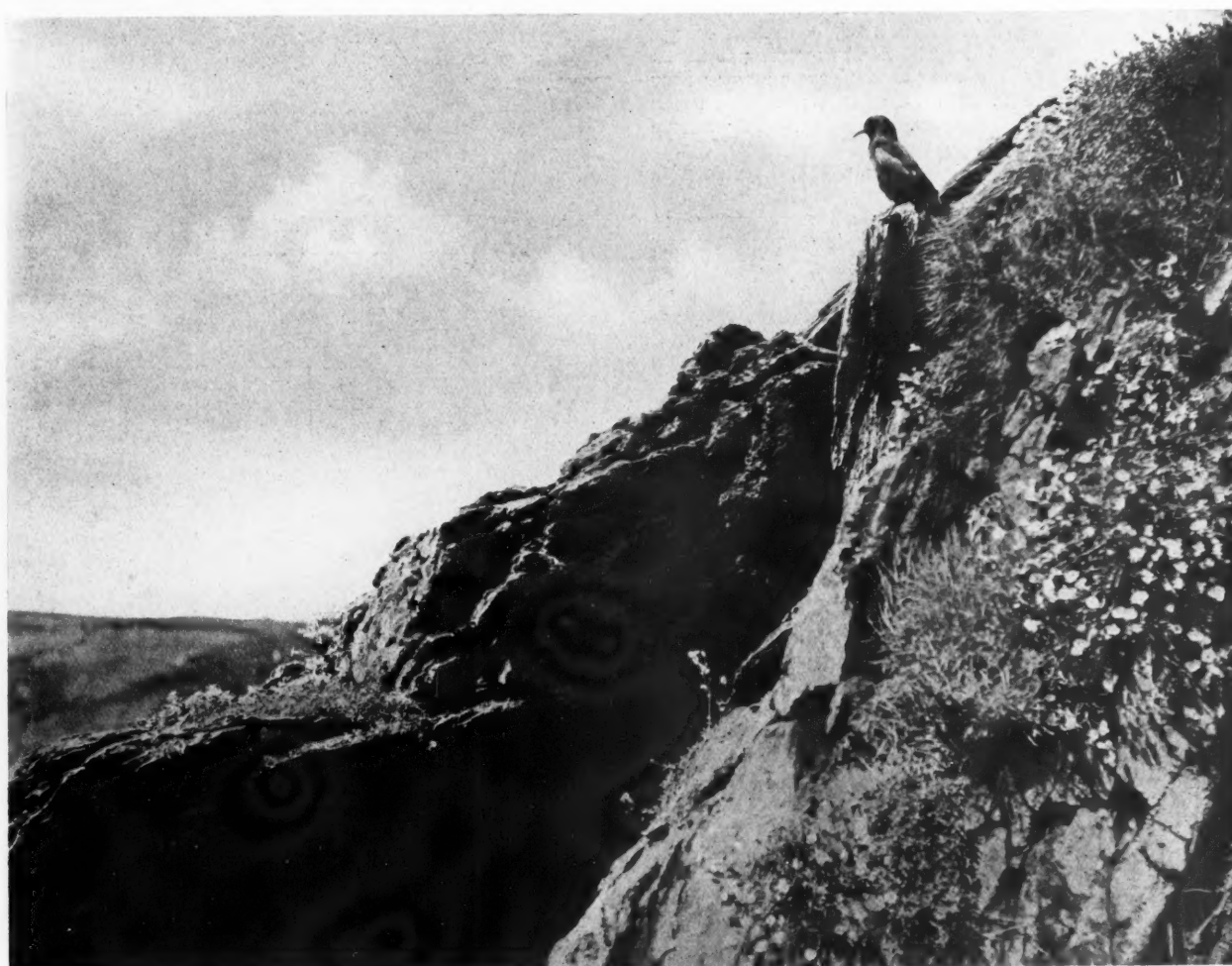


HIS PLUMAGE GLISTENED IN THE RAYS OF THE RISING SUN.

fully fledged though glaring like a bunch of gollywogs at his discomfiture.

This seemed sufficient for the day, and feeling the effects of the loss of the rations, it was decided to board the boat which could

be seen in the offing and to return the next morning. A start was made accordingly at five o'clock and a landing effected by 6.30 a.m. At 7 a.m. the hide was entered. The success of subsequent efforts was largely due to a willing helper called



IN A VERY REFLECTIVE MOOD.



Vincent Higgings or "H." for short. H fastened the writer in the tent and retired to the water's edge, so as to attract the attention of the birds to himself and away from the hide. In this he succeeded so admirably that the birds lost all fear, and eventually would not trouble to pose on the ridge, but not before a useful series of photographs had been taken.

An inspection had shown the nest to be empty and the young congregated at the far end of the hole, so that only a brief space of time would elapse before they left for the outer world. I took up my "stance" in the hide at seven o'clock, and half an hour passed before there was a sign of the birds, when at 7.30 a.m., after heralding their approach as usual, both adults flew on to the ridge within fifteen feet of the camera; the male being in focus, he presented a fine sight, his elegant form and graceful lines showing clearly and in sharp contrast to the clear blue sky in the background. His plumage glistened in the rays of the rising sun, so sleek and well preened did he appear, and the brilliant red beak, legs and feet seemed

emphasised by the sheen and blackness of his coat. The black toes added much distinction to a very striking figure. A plate was exposed to his rear at the right, while his spouse called as usual continuously, then she made her departure. After a few moments the male hopped further down the ridge, presenting a full frontal view to the camera, when another plate was exposed. He then entered the nest and, after feeding the young to the usual accompaniment of chirruping, he flew away.

At 8.50 a.m. a chough flew overhead, and at 8.55 a.m. the female alighted and sat on the far side of the ridge, in a very reflective frame of mind, before entering the cleft to feed. An hour elapsed before anything more was seen of them, when the two arrived again. They made no attempt to feed, but sat together, apparently more concerned about H on the rocks below than about the camera. In passing, one ought to observe that at no time did one notice the birds carrying any food either in the beak or in the throatal pouch, and it may be that they feed the young by regurgitation.

## BUFFALO

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY W. D. M. BELL.

THERE is no animal in Africa with such a sinister reputation as the buffalo, whether the bush cow of West Africa or the great black Cape buffalo be under discussion. It has been repeatedly accused of dreadful cunning and great ferocity and it has undoubtedly caused many deaths and maulings among both white and native hunters. Among the cases which have come under my own observation or of which I have heard from reliable sources, the maulings have been far more numerous than the deaths. The wounds caused by buffalo horns seem to heal better than lion bites; the latter, when made by old lions with dirty teeth, can be very troublesome.

Why the buffalo should have got such an evil name has always rather puzzled me. I have shot hundreds of both kinds during my hunting career and I have never been charged. And yet I have constantly read of fierce encounters between hunters and their game. Two white men were killed recently in Nigeria by a bush cow, and I have frequently asked for certain natives by name on revisiting villages and have been told that they have been killed by buffalo. Yet, even when I came suddenly on a buffalo bull lying wounded in thick stuff, he did not charge. This animal had been mauled by lion and according to all the rules should have charged as soon as he became aware of my approach. What he would have done had I not put a bullet through his neck I do not know. Perhaps he might have charged.

I well remember the mixed awe and apprehension with which I approached a herd of buffalo in my early hunting efforts. I had read of all the hair-breadth escapes hunters usually had with these animals, of their diabolical cunning, etc., and I was

quite determined not to wound any. I was also very cautious not to approach too near. There were many of them out in fairly short grass. I could see them all clearly, and as we wanted meat I thought I would select a nice fat cow. With me were about forty young bloods from the tribe with which I was hunting. They were all fully armed in their fashion—each man carried two thrusting spears and a rhino or giraffe hide shield. The reason they carried shields was that we had been hunting elephant in no-man's land, where prowlers from the enemy, *i.e.*, the neighbouring tribe, might have been met. Telling this mob to get away back while I did the shooting I left them and approached the browsing and unsuspecting herd. Selecting what I thought would be a fat one, I fired. Without pausing or wavering the whole herd started straight for me, closing together as they came. I fired again at one of the leaders and then started to get out of their way. As I ran to the side I met and ran through the forty spearmen, who were now rushing straight to meet the herd. Stopping and turning I was astounded to see these fellows right in among the buffalo. Almost at once there were half a dozen little groups round as many buffalo, some retreating cleverly backwards and receiving the charging animals' rushes on their shields, while others jabbed spears into their vitals from the sides. No sooner was an animal down than off they went after the retreating herd. And here, again, all my preconceived notions were upset, for the natives caught up with the buffalo again and killed several more. But for the herd's arrival at a belt of forest, perhaps they would all have been speared. Not a native was touched. I must say I was rather staggered by what had taken place; the awe-inspiring charge was apparently a simple running away; the terrific



SOME RETREATING CLEVERLY BACKWARDS AND RECEIVING THE CHARGING ANIMALS' RUSHES ON THEIR SHIELDS, WHILE OTHERS JABBED SPEARS INTO THEIR VITALS FROM THE SIDES.



IN THICK STUFF.



WORTHY GAME.

speed, strength and agility of the story-book buffalo all shown up by a handful of nimble lads armed with soft iron spears; the formidable buffalo made to cut a very poor figure, and the white man with his wonderful gun made to look extremely foolish.

This incident put me right about buffalo I think, for I have killed scores and scores since and I have never had any trouble with them. I have shot them in West Africa, where they are usually met in thick stuff and in long grass, and also in the Liberian forests, east of the Nile and in the Congo—and invariably with small bores. The most killing bullet I found to be the solid.

The stampede or rush straight towards the shot was a fairly frequent occurrence in my experience; and if one were convinced that the animals were charging, one would have to write down the buffalo as an extremely dangerous animal were it not for the ease with which they are killed with end-on delivered solid bullets. Of course, flesh wounds are no good. The vitals *must be raked*. But in thick stuff the target is so close and so big that no one should miss it, as for all game of this nature a reliable magazine rifle is streets ahead of a double. In a mix-up with buffalo in bush it is sometimes necessary to fire four or even five shots in rapid succession, and for this the double is mere handicap.

Much has been written about the difference in colour among buffalo and there have been attempts to separate them into different races. How all the colours may be found in one herd may be witnessed on the Shari River in the dry season when the grass has been burned. I have shot a grey bull, a black bull, a red and a fawn-coloured bull from the same herd, all fully adult. And I shot them after watching the herd through glasses for fully half an hour, during which time I saw many of each of the above colours. It must not be supposed that this was an isolated instance of these colours happening in the same herd, for every time I saw any considerable number of big buffalo in open country I have observed the same sprinkling of colours.

The jet black is the colour of the solitary bulls one meets casually, and I imagine from that that black is the final colour.

As with the semi-wild domesticated cattle of the ranching districts of America, the sight or smell of blood seems to infuriate buffalo more than anything. On one occasion when in want of meat I hit a cow buffalo in the lungs with a .22 high-velocity bullet. She was one of a small herd and as she staggered about in her death agony all the others, including the calves and yearlings, went for her, goring her and knocking her about and completely hiding her from me. They were dreadfully excited, bellowing and roaring and even butting at one another.

Natives of almost all tribes have far less respect for buffalo than the white hunters. They will attack buffalo with very primitive weapons. I remember once going after an old bull buffalo which had spent the night in a native garden. Two middle-aged natives tracked for me. Each carried an abnormal number of short spears, for what purpose I did not understand until later. They tracked well and quickly as the dew was still on the ground and wherever the buffalo had passed was a perfectly plain track. We presently came to a large depression filled with high reeds well over a man's head. Here, the natives said, we were sure to find our game. Now, at this time I was still in my novitiate as regards buffalo, and my head was stuffed with the nonsense one is usually told about these animals.


Consequently, I was rather surprised that the natives should be still willing to go out into the reed-bed. However, I thought it was up to me to lead the way and I did so for a few yards, when we got into such a maze of buffalo tracks and runs and tunnels that I was obliged to let one of the natives re-find the tracks and lead the way. This he did quite cheerfully, handing to his companion his surplus spears. On we went into the and dense that one could not force one's way along except in most appalling stuff. Reeds fourteen feet or fifteen feet high and so strong the buffalo runs. Visibility was good for about two yards ahead. I felt very uncomfortable indeed, but what gave me confidence was that the leading native was quite at ease, and I kept thinking that he ought to know all about buffalo, if anyone did. Personally I expected to see infuriated buffalo suddenly appearing at a yard's range at any moment.

We went very quietly and after prowling for half an hour the leader stopped. We stood listening and there, as it were almost at arm's length, was a heavy breathing. The tracker leant gently to one side to let me pass and I crept cautiously forward. I must confess that I was in a mortal funk. I felt sure that a frightful charge was imminent. The breathing could not be more than eight yards or ten yards distant, and yet nothing was visible. When I had covered I suppose five yards or so there was a terrific snort and a rushing kind of crash. I had my rifle up covering the noise ready in an instant to loose off. Nothing appeared because the buffalo was in as great a state of terror as I was, and was off. This fact gave me great confidence, as did also the eagerness with which my companions took up the trail. We tracked and tracked that wretched buffalo until he must have been in a frightful state of nerves. We came to within hearing distance of him frequently, but never saw him. My confidence grew by leaps and bounds and I tried rushing at him as soon as we knew he was close. This almost succeeded as I saw the reeds still in motion where they had closed after his passage.

On the way home I stopped with a spear point almost touching my shirt front. The cheery fellows with me had planted their spears in the buffalo runs pointing in the direction from which they thought the buffalo might come—and extraordinarily difficult they were to see presented, as they were, point on.

My experience of buffalo is that they are worthy game in thick stuff, but ludicrously easy things to kill in open country. Any form of expanding bullet should not be used, although for a broadside shot any kind of bullet is good enough. But if one carries mixed bullets one is certain sooner or later to find oneself loaded with just the wrong type of bullet, and, perhaps, with no time to change. I have always found the solid very deadly for all kinds of game. An end-on shot suits this type of bullet to perfection as the vitals are certain to be raked if the holding is as it should be. Blind terror-stricken rushes by buffalo are not uncommonly straight towards the gun, but the brutes are easily dropped with a well planted shot. I believe that buffalo can be very nasty when in thick stuff with a flesh wound, but there is no earthly reason with modern firearms why one should miss such a target as is presented by a buffalo's vitals. Always know where you are sending your bullet, I have found to be an excellent maxim.





# THE HALLS of YORK—II. ST. WILLIAM'S COLLEGE AND ST. ANTHONY'S HALL

THE Minster Close, bounded upon the north by the ramparts, along the whole circumference of which you can walk to-day, was, upon the other three sides, contained by a wall pierced at three points by gateways such as can still be seen at Norwich and Canterbury. At York the north-east portal alone survives, giving upon Goodramgate, a street lined with picturesque houses, though not so high as those in Stonegate nor so near to meeting over your head as in the Shambles. Turning beneath this gateway you find yourself in College Street, with the eastern window of the

Minster in front and the overhanging façade of St. William's College on your right hand. Though not exactly a hall, St. William's very well merits our attention, for by recent care it has been restored to the appearance which, together with many other buildings in York, it must have presented in the fifteenth century. Abbot Sevier's house, the remains of which are incorporated in the King's Manor, and the Merchant Adventurers' Hall, must both have looked somewhat like this. So must St. Anthony's Hall before 1655, when the brick upper storey was built, replacing the half-timber work. St. William's,

however, presents two features lacking in these other examples, namely, the cove beneath the eaves and the plate beam, and the pantiled roof. These coves, which have been repeated beneath the modern projecting windows so that there are now three tiers of overhangs, combine to give it a very graceful appearance. The pantiles of the roof, though it is doubtful whether they are original, give a texture unattainable with other kinds of tiling. They are, too, of a warm vermillion colour, and the pinnacles of the Chapter House and Minster, rising very white above them, make a beautiful picture to one standing in the cobbled grass-grown court (Fig. 2).

The original purpose for which the college was built reminds us that the meaning of the word "college" has now changed; in the fifteenth century it had no particular reference to a place of education, signifying, rather, a collection into one place of any body of ecclesiastics, just as a university meant a body of men with a common object, not necessarily that of learning or teaching, nor of any fixed location.

St. William's College, in fact, was built to accommodate two dozen chantry priests of the Minster who till then had had no fixed abode and had lodged where they could "in the houses," as the charter of foundation puts it, "of laymen and women, contrary to the honour and decency of the said church and their spiritual orders." Owing to the irregular nature of their duties, this class of ecclesiastics, after the friars, were probably the most lax in an age when priests, by their great numbers and enforced celibacy, were frequently noted for the scandal of their lives. To murmur requiems was not an exacting occupation,



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1—ST. WILLIAM'S COLLEGE: THE GATEWAY.  
Date 1465.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





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2.—ST. WILLIAM'S COLLEGE COURTYARD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Where grass, untouched by many feet, grows among the cobbles, and the east end of the Minster looks very white above the vermillion pantiles.



3.—ST. WILLIAM'S COLLEGE.

From beneath the east window of the Minster. Note the triple cove below the eaves, the windows and the plate beam.



4.—THE COURTYARD.

Showing Colonel Toby Jenkins' inner porch, built at the Restoration.



and so it was that the lazier brethren of the Church were eager to be appointed to such a post. Chaucer, who, though he stoutly denied the Host's imputation of Lollardism, had nevertheless a Lollard's contempt for worldly ecclesiastics, compares the chantry priest unfavourably with the "poor parson of a parish":

Who setté nat his benefice to hyre  
And leet his shepe encombered in the myre,  
Nor ran to London, unto Seinte Poules  
To seken him a chaunterie for soules,  
But dwelt at hoom and kepté well his folde.

The agitation for confining the priests where their conduct could be regulated seems to have proceeded from the laymen of the city, whose intensely religious spirit, manifest in their every action, at length could no longer tolerate that the care of their souls, when they were dead, should be entrusted to men whom they not only despised, but in some cases hated. It was illogical, in an age which was permeated with a kind of mystical logic, that the men who inextricably mingled religion with their work—so that a portion of all business premises was set aside for a chapel and a hospital—and with their pleasures—in that the plays they spent much of the year in organising were exclusively religious—it was illogical that such men should

the heads of his father, brother and uncle from the pikes above Micklegate, where they had been placed after their death at St. Albans a month before, replacing them with those of noble prisoners taken at Towton or dragged from the swollen, blood-stained Ure. He then made York his headquarters, as Henry had fled to Scotland, and busied himself in settling the affairs of the North. Among other matters he repeated his rival's injunctions as to a college for chantry priests—an action of such small importance that he can only have troubled himself with it at the insistence of the populace in order to gain popularity. He turned this time from the archbishop, who was no friend of his, to a partisan—George Nevill, Bishop of Exeter, and Richard, his brother, the great Earl of Warwick, who were, of course, of Northern extraction, and the latter of whom had a house in Skeldergate, of which a small existing house may be the remains. These he commanded to found, and them and their heirs to sustain, such a college, and in his patent detailed the rules of the institution. There was to be a provost, elected for life, and with him the twenty-three priests, who were to be called "fellows." The site, moreover, of their new abode, or part of it, was to be Salton House—the York residence of the Prior of Hexham, who held the prebendary of Salton in the



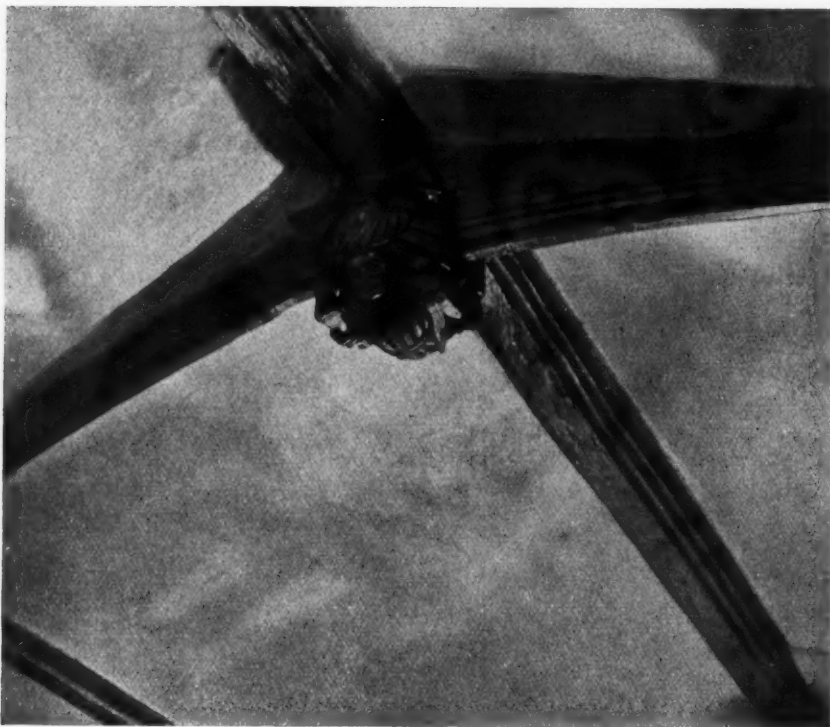
5.—ST. WILLIAM'S COLLEGE: THE WESTERN GALLERY.

In the days of the College it was probably split up into separate rooms.

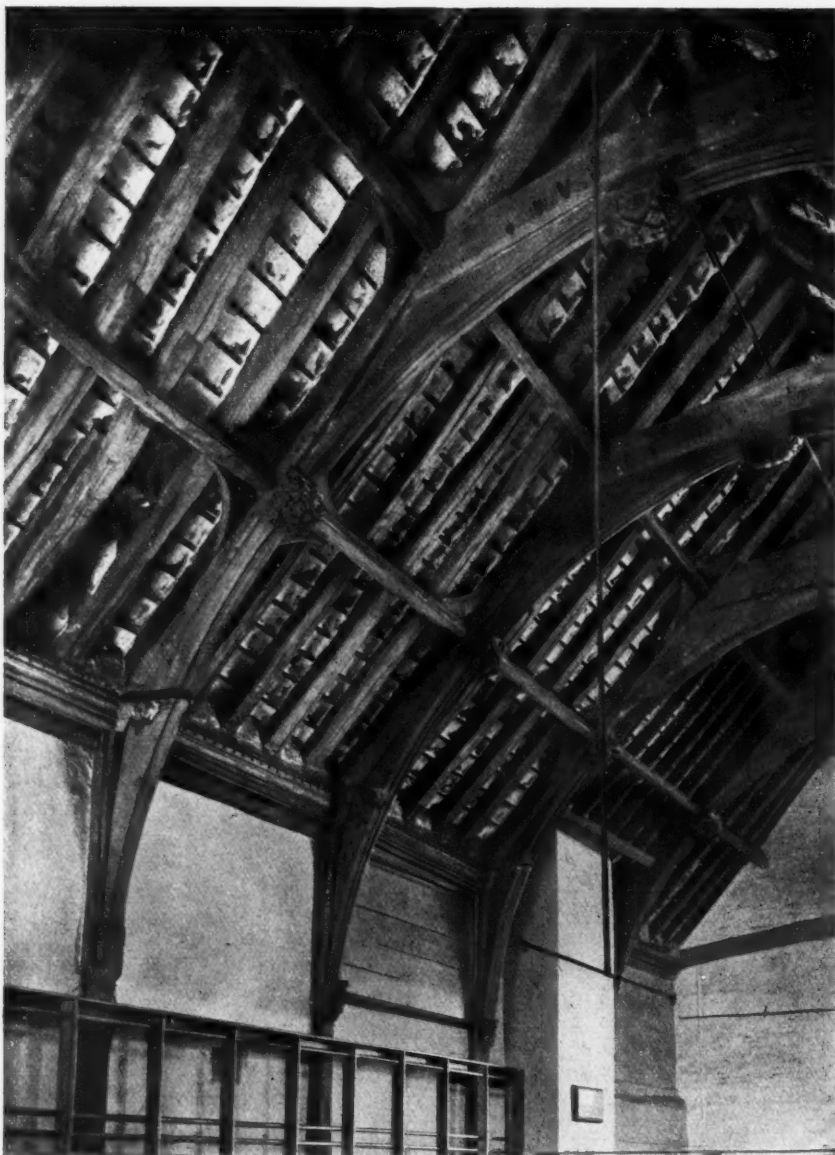
run the risk of eternal damnation because their sole link with this world was rotten and the prayers which they paid clerks to repeat were inefficacious because of the sinfulness of the priest. In 1453, therefore, they took advantage of the presence of Henry VI in their city to persuade him to issue a licence to Archbishop Booth founding a college for chantry priests. But, owing to the troubled times in which they lived, no steps appear to have been taken. The archbishop was an ardent Lancastrian, although the citizens were indifferent save to the acquisition of wealth, and was frequently absent campaigning with his sovereign. In 1461, however, the Battle of Towton was fought close without the City of York, upon the issue of which, as in the cases of the Battles of Fulford, Stamford Bridge and Marston Moor, the possession of the city depended. The Lancastrians were totally defeated with heavy loss—for the wars, by reason of the many family deaths which the combatants by then had to avenge, had become far more sanguinary than formerly they had been. Henry and his queen, who had remained in the city during the battle, escaped by a postern gate, and Edward Mortimer entered in their pursuit. His first care was to remove

Minster. We may conjecture that this great ecclesiastic, whose abbey was a recognised hostel for travellers to Scotland and a place of refreshment for whole armies in time of Border war, found his revenues unequal to supporting a house at York, for by this time prices were beginning to rise, while the monasteries discovered that their fixed incomes remained the same. At the dissolution of the college we find forty shillings still being paid to the Prior of Hexham for the rent of his house, or rather the site of it, for it is practically certain that nothing of the former building survives. Until 1464, however, when George Nevill came to York as Archbishop and could personally supervise the building of the new college, the priests most likely occupied the Prior's house, for it is not until 1465 that a Royal grant was made to Christopher Borough, the Provost, "of all free-stone lying in the quarry of Hodlestone by the River Ouse for the better building of the college." However much of the original edifice may have been incorporated in the new, there is no trace of it. The entrance (Fig. 1) must be of the 1465 building, as it is surmounted by a much eroded statue of St. William, the survival of which after the Reformation reminds





6.—ST. ANTHONY'S HALL: BOSS ON SIDE AISLE CEILING.  
Representing a carpenter with mallet in hand, and the turban-like headdress of the mid-15th century.



Copyright. 7.—ST. ANTHONY'S HALL: DETAIL OF THE NAVE ROOF. "C.L."  
Delicate arched trusses spring from angel-carved corbels.

us that in 1548 the institution was recommended to be continued. St. William, whose surname was Fitzherbert, was archbishop in 1153 and died the following year in the suspicion of poison; his little statue is flanked by two engaged crockets, and surmounts a fine specimen of a door of that date. The college took several years in construction, for in 1466 John Marshall, one of the fellows, could still bequeath for its building twenty shillings, and certain books to be kept there.

With these meagre facts as to the history of St. William's we must be content. In 1485 Richard III, who, as Duke of Gloucester, had governed the North for his brother and by his wisdom and gentleness quite conquered the hearts of the people of York, proposed to found a great college for a hundred chantry priests, which might have affected the fellows of St. William's had not the King, soon after the commencement of building operations for this vast place, been killed at



8.—DETAIL OF A CORBEL AT ST. ANTHONY'S.

Bosworth Field. Of the commonplace story of the college after the Dissolution we may be excused the recital, though it should be mentioned that Charles I set up a printing press there in 1640 whence he issued much propaganda. In the reign of his son a Colonel Toby Jenkins lived here and built the inner porch, seen in Fig. 4, which gives on to a typical staircase of the period. Either he or his father panelled a room that looks out upon College Street, but he also, before he died, had to divide the college into separate residences which became more numerous and more mean as time went on, until Mr. Frank Green bought the whole building of Mr. Lane Fox, to whom it had descended, restored it with the help of Mr. Temple Moore, and sold it to the Province of York, the Convocation of which now assembles here in the two great galleries, open-roofed but otherwise not very remarkable, that take up the northern and western sides of the first floor. A small room in the south-east corner alone presents anything of interest—for it is frescoed in the fifteenth century style with conventional trails of flowers painted in black and white on alternating red and black grounds.

If St. William's College is remarkable for its exterior rather than for what lies within its walls, with St. Anthony's Hall in Peaseholme Green the case is reversed. The exterior, though picturesque by reason of the warm red brick of the upper storey resting upon the crumbling stone, has been sadly defaced. Inside, however, are the remains, almost intact, of the finest hall, after the Guildhall, in York. Its preservation is nothing short of miraculous in view of the constant and violent changes of tenancy which it has witnessed. The present building seems to have been commenced in 1446 and finished in 1453. Were there any doubt as to the date of its construction, the compactness of the plan, not to mention the Late Perpendicular window the remains of which are seen in Fig. 9, would disperse it. This would seem, in the ingenious arrangement of its component parts, to be the last word in guildhall planning, for it is a compact oblong edifice with the hall and aisles upon the first floor, while on the ground floor was the chapel, entered by a door seen on the left of Fig. 9 the priests rooms, the hospital, the entrance to the hall above, and the kitchen and offices. The upper storey was half timbered, like St. William's

something of an experiment from which an entirely new idea was quickly evolved. Comparing St. Anthony's with the Merchant Adventurers', we miss the great tie beams and the king posts that, resting upon them, support the horizontal "collars" of the roof. On the other hand, the pitch of the roof is in both cases very steep. Comparing it with the Guildhall we find that in both there are side aisles, though at St. Anthony's they are low and their roofs incline slightly upwards towards the nave. In each, too, the arched truss is used apparently to support the roof. In the Guildhall, however, the pillars whence the trusses spring bear far less weight than they would at first sight seem to do, for the roof, being all one with the aisle roofs, rests in reality upon the side walls of the building, while here, as the aisles are low, with ceilings almost flat, bearing no constructional relation to the main hall, the columns (concealed in the later partitions) in this case really do bear the weight of the roof.

There is no doubt that St. Anthony's Guild was chartered in 1446, or that the Hall is of that date. In a manuscript of 1362, however, a "St. Anthony's Hall" is mentioned as being



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9.—ST. ANTHONY'S HALL, IN PEASEHOLME GREEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Built 1446, though the brickwork (1655) replaces timberwork similar to St. William's College. This shows the chapel window, and on the extreme left the walled-up entrance to it.

College and the Merchant Adventurers', the brickwork being built in 1655 to replace the damage the place had undergone during the Civil War, when it was in turn a magazine, a hospital and a house of correction.

The fraternity that built it received its charter in the same year (1446) as the guilds of St. Christopher and St. George amalgamated to build the Common Hall, dealt with last week, and was of the same order as those bodies, namely social and religious, with no respect paid to craft. It is interesting to compare the two halls, begun apparently within twelve months of one another. If the Guildhall marks the transition to the hammer-beam roof type of hall, St. Anthony's shows whence the Guildhall developed, being in point of design, half way between that hall and the Merchant Adventurers' earlier barn-like structure. In point of time we have already said that it is contemporary with the Guildhall, from which it differs so widely in point of form; this is, indeed, an excellent example of the danger into which we may fall in relying wholly upon style when trying to assign a date to a building. As in ages less distant from the present, there was no hard and fast style, and here we have two buildings of the same date, the one built in an old established fashion, the other

one of the boundaries of the parish in which it stands. There is, moreover, a persistent tradition, quoted by York historians until very recent times, that St. Anthony's Friars had a house here. This order, which never exerted in England the influence that it attained abroad, may well have had a convent or hospital in York, or else it is hard to explain the existence of a hall of this name prior to 1446, especially as the land was granted by a certain Sir John Langton nearly a century earlier. Now, the fraternity which built the Hall had for ten years previously been amassing funds by bequest and the like, but under the name of St. Martin's Guild, and seems to have taken its name from the site of its hall, a most unusual proceeding indicative of some very strong connection in the popular mind between the site and the name of St. Anthony. We have no information of the existence of a previous St. Anthony's Guild, so that we are almost compelled to believe in the friar tradition. The disappearance of that order may possibly be explained by the Alien Priory legislation that, a few years previous to 1446, had deprived religious orders that were not essentially English of the lands they held in this country. In 1446 we find Henry VI conferring numerous lands so obtained



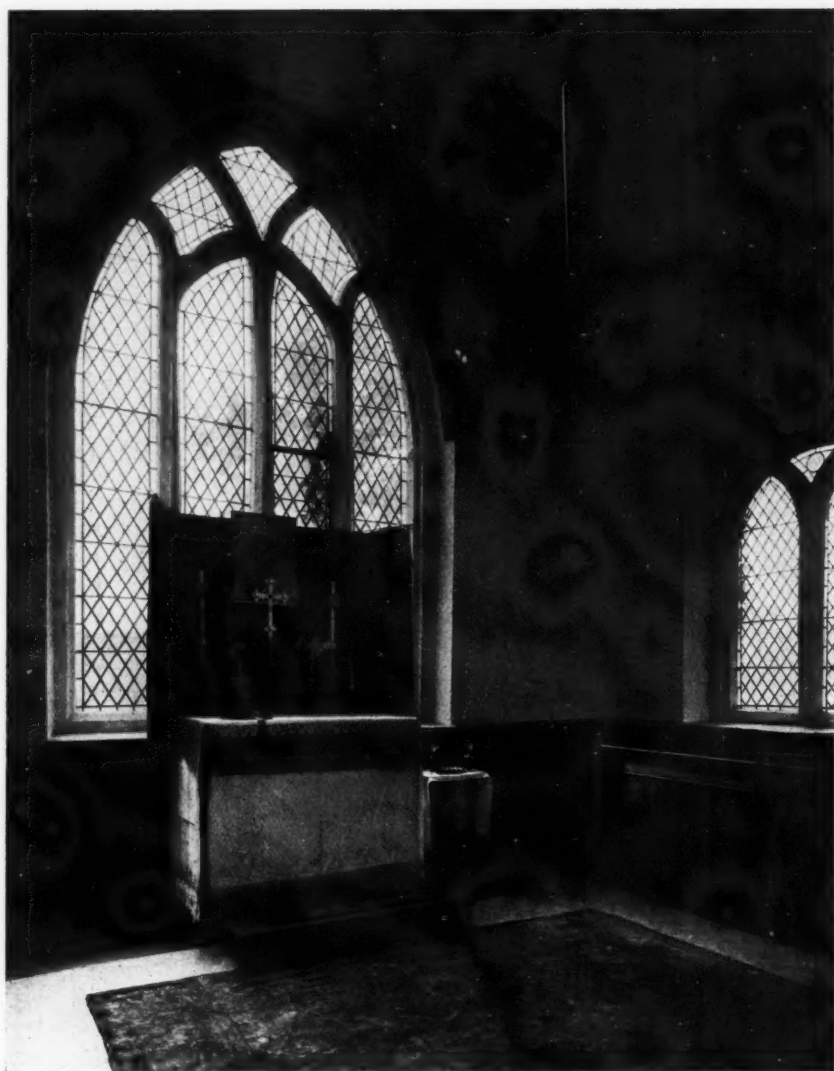
upon his foundation at Eton. It would, therefore, be not entirely fanciful to suggest that in this case a charitable fraternity of laymen obtained the site of the York convent and, by virtue of their maintaining a hospital there, took on the name as well. The name, however, of St. Anthony had something of the sinister connected with it, for the friars, having claimed to be able to cure a certain cutaneous eruption, also claimed to be able to call down such an infliction upon any who would not give them alms or tithes. The disease then became known as "St. Anthony's fire," and people, in the fear of it, carefully selected from every litter of piglets the fattest and most promising porker, which they set aside for the friars, so that "As fat as an Anthony's pig" soon became a by-word for the description of life in the lap of luxury.

St. Anthony's Guild, though we hear of triennial feasts for which a Master was elected with twelve stewards under him known as "St. Anthony's pigs" in humorous parlance, who were garlanded for the joyous occasion from head to foot with flowers, yet owed its preservation after the dissolution of the majority of minor religious foundations to other causes than the popularity or power of its patron saint. From the bosses on the roof of the aisles and nave we find that the members were mostly of the poorer sort of crafts—carpenters, joiners and saddlers, for instance. In the sixteenth century, therefore, no great wealth was to be acquired by the dissolution of their guild, so that it

was passed over. As the one remaining society to which such minor trades could repair for their delectation, we accordingly find the crafts mentioned above, together with the sweeps and such-like, resorting thither well into the seventeenth century. The joiners have left there a refectory table of early pattern, inlaid in black oak with the memorial of its presentation and the date 1606. At this time a weaving industry for able-bodied paupers seems to have occupied parts of the building as well. In addition to its poverty, however, St. Anthony's had an even stronger claim upon popularity, and that was the play which it presented annually.

This is hardly the place in which to discuss the York plays, though in many ways they are the most interesting relic that exists of mediæval York. The play given

by St. Anthony's was, possibly, the oldest of them all, and was called the Paternoster play, being an interlude in which Vices and Virtues were personified in the manner still popular in Queen Elizabeth's early days. Wyclif, a Yorkshireman, had noticed this play, which dealt in English with the Lord's Prayer, as being favourable to his advocacy of an English Liturgy. At the Reformation, therefore, St. Anthony's, who had been playing it since their foundation, when the original Paternoster Guild seems to have been dissolved, found it still popular, while the great cycle of fifty craft plays which had formerly been given on Corpus Christi Day were discouraged for their Papist doctrines.

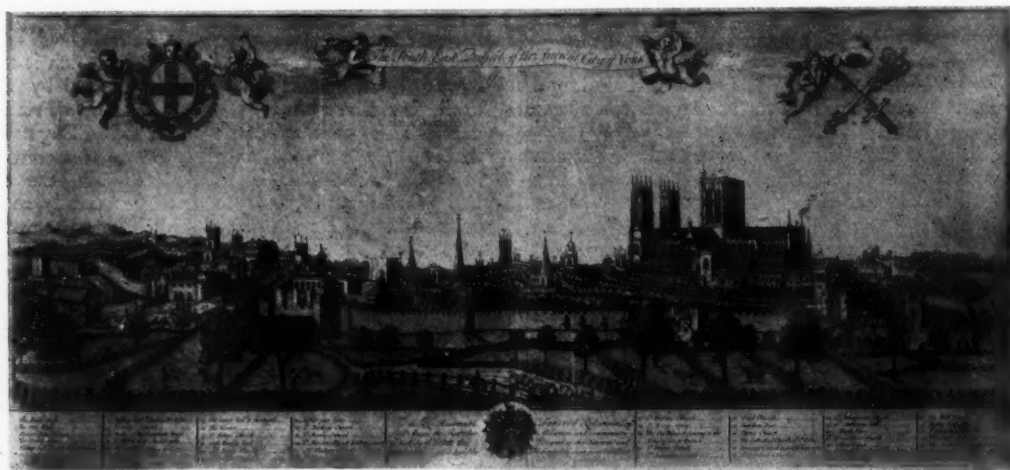


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10.—THE END OF GOTHIC DESIGN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

This window, in the chapel of Lady Irwin's hospital along Bootham, was built circa 1610. Poor and weak, indeed, yet the descendant of how much grandeur.



YORK IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



On Corpus Christi Day the players used to assemble on Tofts Green while the dew was still damp upon the draperies of their pageants. These ungainly erections—travelling stages three storeys high—stood out black against the saffron sky. Already the Tanners had climbed into theirs, ready to lead off with their play of the Creation; as five of the clock was sounded by the Minster chimes and, caught up and repeated by all the belfries of York, was at length tolled out by All Saints' in North Street close beside Tofts Green, the Tanners creaked and jolted to the first station outside Trinity Convent gates in Micklegate; quickly now the others followed. The Mariners gave Noah in the Ark, the Tilers the Nativity, the Chandlers the Shepherds abiding in the Field. All day long till dusk the pageants rumbled and ranted through the town, till last of all the Merchant Adventurers' men, in a pageant greater than

the rest, played the Last Judgment. Open-eyed, the audience heard God's final doom:

Ye curséd kaitiffs, from me ye flee  
In helle to dwelle withouten ende.  
There ye shall never but sorrowe see  
And sitte by Satanas the feinde.

They crossed themselves, and pondering upon their own wickedness, went rather awed through the darkening streets back to their beds. They shuddered as they remembered what one of the fiends had said to his horrid companion during the Doom:

For if the Doomsman do us right  
Full grete partie with us shall gang.

They silently prayed that they might not be of that crew. We should laugh, but are we happier and better men?

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

## ENGLISH WALNUT TREE FURNITURE OF ELIZABETH'S REIGN

By H. AVRAY TIPPING.

OUR furniture of the Tudor period has very properly been classified under the heading of "The Age of Oak," for the vast majority of pieces are made of that wood. But the minority must not be forgotten, for it had quality if not quantity. That several pieces made for Bess of Hardwick were of walnut has been duly noted, but this was treated as something quite exceptional. Indeed, walnut, as the substance of Elizabethan furniture, passes altogether unnoticed by Mr. R. W. Symonds in his recently published "The Present State of Old English Furniture," where we are told that:

The word "period" in this book indicates the years in which any particular wood was used for the best pieces of furniture. From Tudor to late Stuart days oak enjoyed this distinction.

Now it is just "the best pieces" which, under Elizabeth especially, were not made of oak, but of walnut. All ordinary furniture for ordinary people was certainly of oak, so were many fine pieces for wealthy folk. But all who wanted to be very much to the fore and could pay for it certainly appear to have possessed themselves of one or more pieces of walnut furniture of home or foreign manufacture. The dominions of the Burgundian Dukes, including Flanders, were a centre of civilisation and art when Henry Tudor was there as an exile before Bosworth Field made him King Henry VII, and the Burgundian influence is noticeable in England during his reign. That of Italy followed under his son, together with that of France, which, however, was more fully felt under his grand-children. In all these countries walnut was the prevalent material for furniture; for Renaissance Italy used it, and, as that style gradually permeated Europe, so also did the chief material of its joinery and furniture wherever it grew freely or was easily procurable. That was not the case in England. Whether, and to what extent, the planting of the walnut tree took place there in late mediæval times does not appear to have been clearly established. But John Evelyn, in his "Silva," shows that as late as 1678 this country was deficient in walnut trees fit for felling, although young plantations had then been planted. With this condition he contrasts Burgundy, which "abounds with them, and never one felled but a young one is planted." His Continental travels in Commonwealth times enabled him to make this statement from personal observation, as also that:

What universal use the French make of the timber of this sole tree for domestic affairs may be seen in every room both of poor and rich.

What grown timber there was in England to meet the great and increasing demand for home-made walnut furniture which came with the Restoration of 1660 probably arose from plantings made under Elizabeth when wealthy people of cosmopolitan education first insisted upon possessing at least a few objects made of that wood, as is well proved by inventories dating from her reign. At first, that is under Henry VIII, such pieces may all have been foreign made. But gradually our joiners began using the wood, although what percentage of it was imported and what home grown must remain doubtful.

Throughout Henry VIII's day there took place a certain importation of Italian art products and also some study of Italian architecture and decorative arts with a view to their adoption in England. "John Shute, Paynter," visited Italy for that purpose and was probably home again and had built himself a new house in "All Hallows the More" parish by 1550. The Duke of Northumberland was his patron and perhaps sent

him to Italy at his sole charge. But other noblemen interested in Italian Renaissance may have assisted, and certainly no Englishman was more forward in this movement than Henry Fitz Alan, who succeeded to the ancient Arundel Earldom in 1544 and was Marshal of the Field at the taking of Boulogne in that year. Opposing Northumberland's attempt to seat Lady Jane Grey on the throne, he was favoured by Mary when she became Queen in 1553, and three years later possessed himself of Henry VIII's famous but unfinished Palace of Nonsuch, where Italian stuccoists and other artificers had been employed. Arundel made the place fully fit for habitation, and there, for five days in 1559, he sumptuously entertained Queen Elizabeth, who liked it much and eventually took it over from Arundel's son-in-law and heir, Lord Lumley. That was in 1590, and before the conveyance took effect he had a complete inventory made of all his possessions, whether at Nonsuch, Tower Hill or Lumley Castle. The complete inventory has not survived, but in his "Red Book," drawn up some years later and still preserved at Lumley Castle, there are included a full list of the pictures and "a Sumarye of certayne Stuffle within your L<sup>o</sup> houses the xxii of May Anno 1590." It reveals an amount of possessions astounding in both quantity and quality for an Englishman of that age. There are 57 complete sets of tapestry wall hangings. There are gilt beds. There are 109 chairs, 80 stools and 119 cushions "of Clothe of Gold, velvet and sylke."

But what we have to note for our present purpose are the pieces where not gold or woven fabrics but wood predominated. Very far, indeed, is oak from being the exclusive timber used for the "best pieces" of this wonderful aggregation. Somewhere about one-third is specially scheduled as being of walnut. Although oak beds are ten times as numerous as those that are gilt, yet they are less than twice as many as those "of walnuttre and markatre," the exact number being 40 of the former and 23 of the latter. A like proportion rules in other kinds of furniture. There are 25 walnut with marqueterie tables to 50 of oak; 57 stools, 20 forms, 17 chairs and 8 cupboards are specially mentioned as being of walnut, and all but the forms had some marqueterie enrichment. Among the most valued possessions were objects in marble, such as fountains and table tops, undoubtedly imported from Italy, as may be judged by the pictures of them included in the "Red Book." This applies not only to the table tops but, in certain cases, also to the "frames" on which they rest. As we know that Arundel was often abroad and at least once in Italy, he is likely to have collected Italian objects as well as imbibed Italian ideas on the spot. But that the whole of the 150 walnut pieces entered in the 1690 inventory were of Italian or French origin is out of the question, and nothing can be more English than the way such walnut furniture as was at Lumley Castle when Lord Lumley died in 1609 was entered in the inventory then made. There we have items and valuations such as:

2 long drawinge tables of Wolnottree & 2 small tables	vi
6 Wallnottre forms & 24 Stooles of Wallnottre	js
6 Walnottre chaires	xxxs
A merketree table with the frame	xljs
2 fyne merketree cupbords & 2 livery cupbords	xiii

So that these 45 pieces which would now be of such inestimable value were then considered worth 24l. in the aggregate!

Lord Arundel, twenty-third Earl of that title, possessor of the latest and most Italianised royal palace, traveller and

collector of pictures and art objects, may well have possessed more walnut furniture, home and foreign, than any other contemporary Englishman, and when all this came to his son-in-law and was added to the latter's own acquisitions of the same kind the number of walnut pieces vastly transcends that which any other inventory of the day includes. But in smaller quantity it finds frequent mention. Thomas Smith, who became a Secretary of State in 1548, had a country house at Ankerwick on the Thames, described as "his Country Retirement in King Edward's Reign," afterwards abandoned for Hill Hall in Essex.

An inventory of the former place, although not taken till 1569, is therefore likely to have been concerned with furniture obtained ten or twenty years earlier. Yet a cupboard in the chapel and several other pieces are described as of walnut tree,

showing that there was furniture of this wood in private and not very considerable homes even before Elizabeth's time, when it appears in fair quantity in the inventories of places of less note than Nonsuch and Lumley. For instance, near Thomas Smith's later and more important seat of Hill Hall is Ingatestone, an estate obtained after the Dissolution of the Monasteries by Sir William Petre—a Secretary of State under all four Tudor Sovereigns—and where he built his principal seat, which passed to his son after his death in 1572. It had both a "Dyninge Chamber" and a "Dyninge Parlor," and twenty years later there was in each

A longe Table of Walnuttrees upon a frame with two leaves to drawe out,

and with one of these tables went a dozen walnut stools. In one of the chambers we find four pieces of furniture of this material, viz. :

A livrie cupboard of Walnuttrees carved

A little lowe table standinge upon a frame being all of Walnuttrees

A high Chaire of Walnuttrees with Armes

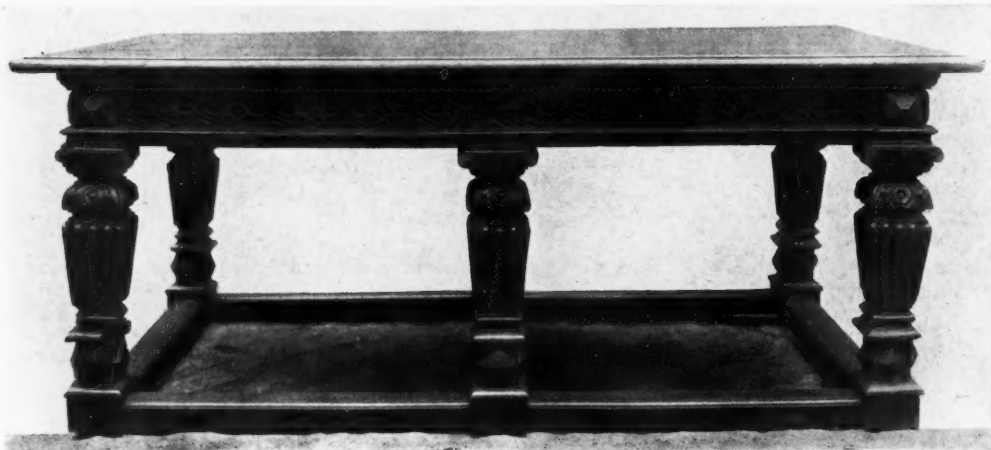
A high Stool of Walnuttrees

The two last items were covered in crimson velvet with gold lace and crimson silk fringe. In this chamber the bed is of carved oak, but in another there is

A standing bedstede of Walnuttrees with turned and fluted postes.

Two canopy bedsteads and further chairs and stools are among the other items specially described as of walnut.

All the walnut furniture which the Kent Sequestrations Committee found at Knole in 1645 is almost certainly of Jacobean date, as Knole did not come into the possession of the Sackvilles till 1603, and large works of rebuilding and renovating took place before the furnishing stage can have been reached. Much of this was very sumptuously done by the third Earl of Dorset, whose impoverishment of the family by his extravagance before he died in 1624 renders improbable any further acquisitions before the sequestration of the estate owing to the Royalist proclivities of the fourth Earl. The house was used as headquarters of the Kent Sequestration Committee in 1643, and although, in the following year, the Earl might have regained possession by compounding, he would not pay the £5,000 at which he was assessed for this purpose. His goods were seized, inventoried, and eventually put up to auction. Looking through manuscripts in the



1.—AN ENGLISH TABLE OF WALNUT TREE. CIRCA 1590.  
The bottom rails have been renewed.



2.—AN ENGLISH BUFFET OF WALNUT TREE.  
It is both carved and enriched with marqueterie. Circa 1590.



muniment room at Knole, Mr. Charles J. Phillips, F.S.A., recently came across the lists and has deposited a copy at the Society of Antiquaries, from which the following information relating to walnut wood is derived:

There were fully a dozen "Walnuttree" tables of sorts, three of which—one large and two small—were of the draw-out kind. Others are described as "long," or "small," or "square," and we find that "John Thorneaton of Seven-oaks" bought "two walnuttree foulding tables" for 27s. Much furniture was bought by Dorset's son, Lord Buckhurst, and much by "Mr. Booth of Westerham," probably also acting for the Earl. This accounts for the continuance at Knole of all the fine Jacobean furniture for which it is noted, but among it, if I mistake not, there are no walnut pieces. Indeed, the only English house where any considerable number of pieces of pre-Restoration walnut furniture are yet to be found is Hardwick in Derbyshire, and a special illustrated article on them will, I hope, before long appear in these pages. Meanwhile the character of the items quoted from the Lumley inventories is well shown by two pieces in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The one is a bed (Fig. 3) that answers to the one listed in the Ingatestone inventory as "of Walnuttree with turned and fluted postes," and is of excellent line and reserved decoration for its age. The posts are not too bulbous nor the carving too flamboyant, the finished effect being heightened but not exaggerated by little panels of inlay in the frieze of flower sprigs, and of a crow, or corbeau, the crest of the Corbets; and as, besides the year 1593, we find the initials J. C. on it, both its date and ownership are established. The other piece (Fig. 2), a three-shelved buffet, has two marqueterie bands of simple geometric design, but is rather more freely carved. It is a recent and very welcome addition to the Museum's collection of Early English furniture. Both these pieces, be it observed, answer to the description so general in the Lumley 1590 inventories of being "of walnuttre and markatre." Sixteenth century English marqueterie, of geometric bands, floral sprigs or architectural buildings, appears sparingly and laid into the substance of the wood in wainscotings as well as furniture. Of the former, the Gilling Castle "Elizabethan" room and the Beaudesert Library chimneypiece are instances known to readers of COUNTRY LIFE. Of such work in furniture the chest given by a Lord Mayor of London to the Church of St. Mary Overie in 1556 is an early example. But in all these cases the inlay is let into oak. The Museum pieces, however, and several at Hardwick prove, as fully as do the Lumley inventories, that marqueterie was very frequently used to give additional sumptuousness to the choice pieces made of the rarer wood.



3.—AN ENGLISH WALNUT TREE BED, CARVED AND INLAID, DATED 1593.



4.—ENGLISH WAINSCOTING IN WALNUT TREE.  
It was, until lately, at Rotherwas in Herefordshire, and is of about 1600 date.

But this was by no means invariable. Marqueterie is not mentioned in connection with the walnut furniture of Ingatestone or Knole, and the "long Walnuttree table" at the latter place was no doubt very like the one now illustrated (Fig. 1), which depends wholly upon carving for its enrichment. It is the property of Mr. Charles, through whose hands also passed the exceptionally fine wainscotings from Rotherwas in Herefordshire, one room of which was of walnut wood (Fig. 4). This implies a comparatively large and comprehensive use of walnut during the age when oak prevailed. That until recently the Museum bed was labelled as being of oak is another proof

of how little this fact has been recognised. Walnut is a less lasting wood than oak, and a special prey to worm. That accounts for the disappearance of most of the Tudor period furniture which was made of it. It is rare to find specimens in private collections. There is a buffet somewhat like that in the museum at Ockwells, and Mr. Macquoid has one, the upper part enclosed with doors, of which the front is of walnut with inlay. Further pieces may yet survive unrecognised by their present owners, and, if so, the passing of them into safe and informed guardianship is desirable.

## CANALETTO IN ENGLAND

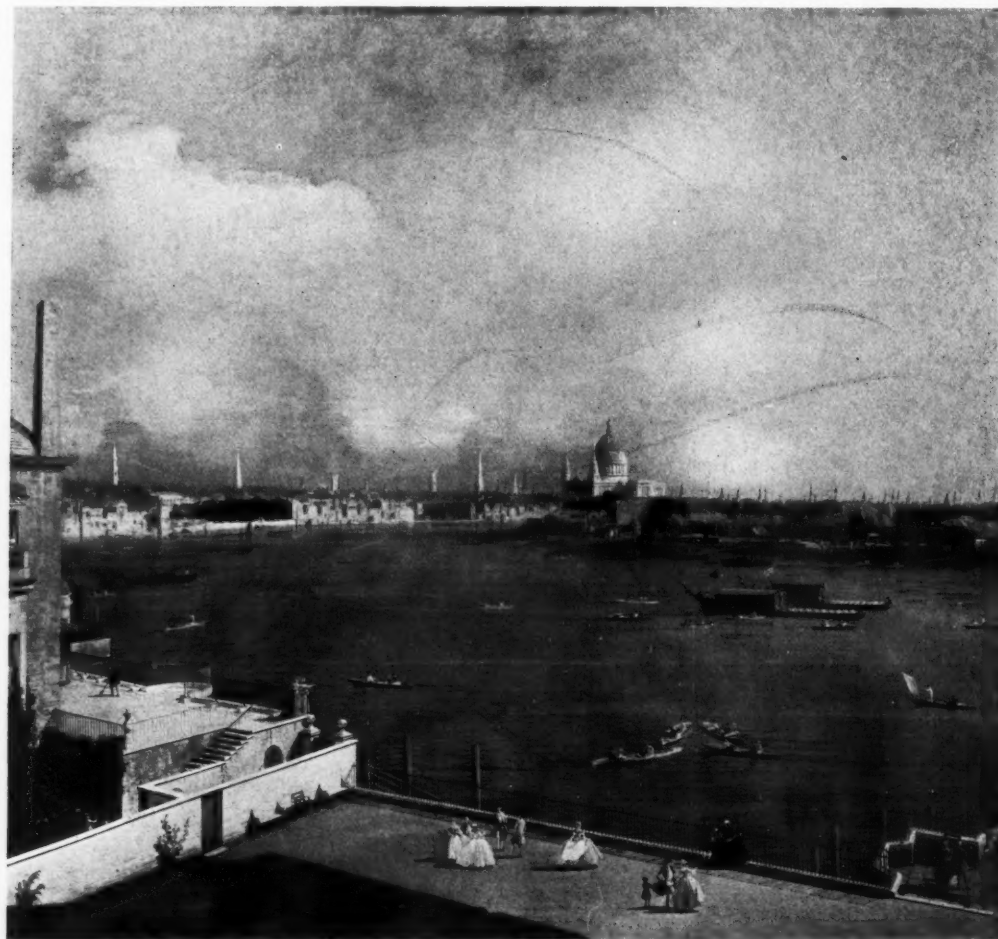
BY TANCRED BORENIUS.

TO most people, a mention of the name of Canaletto no doubt instinctively calls up a mental image of architectural subjects—mainly views of Venice—carried out in a rather dry, topographical style, with little heed paid to atmospheric perspective, and of indifferent artistic quality altogether. That this has come about is due to the fact that Canaletto had a host of inferior imitators whose work already in the eighteenth century got confused with the master's own and in that way has had the effect of bringing discredit on his name. The authentic work of Canaletto is, no doubt, of unequal artistic merit, but at his best he shows himself unquestionably as an artist of very high rank, a master of noble and simple composition, with a delightful, truly pictorial freedom of touch and possessed of the keenest sensibility to effects of light and atmosphere. To convince oneself of this, one need but walk up, in the National Gallery, to his magnificent "View in Venice" (No. 127), where a mason's yard occupies the foreground, while in the background across the canal is seen the old Scuola della Carità, which now contains the picture gallery of the Venetian Academy; and an example of similar quality is the smaller but perfectly charming "View of Mira on the Brenta," which belongs to the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

That Canaletto not only worked for English patrons but actually visited England is a statement which long has been

repeated from handbook to handbook; but considerable uncertainty and mystery have surrounded his visit, and one critic of the distinction of the late Mr. Herbert Horne, after an insufficient excursion into the domain of contemporary records, actually went to the length of suggesting that it was not the real Canaletto, but an impostor, who came here. Considerable importance attaches, therefore, to a paper by Mrs. A. J. Finberg, published in the current volume of the Walpole Society, which, by bringing together a great number of either wholly ignored or else unfamiliar facts about Canaletto, illuminates in the most welcome fashion the circumstances surrounding Canaletto's English visit and furnishes the most valuable data for our appreciation of the artist.

Antonio Canal, called Canaletto—a nephew of his, Bernardo Belotto, later also assumed that nickname—was born at Venice in 1697, the son of a scene-painter. Among his early English patrons, we now learn, was Owen McSwiny, a former impresario of Drury Lane, who, becoming bankrupt, had gone to Italy in 1711. Mrs. Finberg quotes various references to pictures by Canaletto in letters written by McSwiny to the Duke of Richmond from 1726 onwards. The English patron with whom the name of Canaletto is, however, principally associated is Joseph Smith, British Consul at Venice, and on the personality of the artist and his relations with Smith there is interesting information, which has escaped Mrs. Finberg, in the report on



CANALETTO'S ENGLISH MASTERPIECE: "THE THAMES FROM RICHMOND HOUSE,"  
The property of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon.



the contemporary Venetian painters, sent by the Swedish connoisseur, Count Tessin, from Venice to Sweden in 1736. Coming to Canaletto, Tessin writes of him: "fantasque, bourru, Baptisé, vendant un tableau de cabinet (car il n'en fait point d'autres) jusqu'à 120 sequins et étant engagé pour 4 ans à ne travailler que pour un marchand Anglais nommé Smitt." As is well known, the incomparable series of Canalettos at Windsor Castle were purchased *en bloc* from Joseph Smith's estate; and other English collectors who acquired works by Canaletto before his visit to England were the Earl of Carlisle and the Duke of Bedford.

As to the reason which determined Canaletto to go to England in 1746, Mrs. Finberg is able to point to a very probable one: the then raging Austrian War of Succession, which made travelling in Europe difficult and thinned the ranks of Canaletto's English customers in Venice. With the aid in the first instance of a series of MS. notes by George Vertue, hitherto never utilised in their entirety, much light is thrown both on the duration of Canaletto's visit and his life and work here. It is now established that he stayed in England from 1746 to 1755, save for an eight months' visit to Venice in 1750-51; and even the house in London where Canaletto lodged and had his *atelier* has been identified—it corresponds to No. 41 of present-day Beak Street, off Regent Street. After the conclusion of his stay in England, Canaletto went back to Venice and, so far as we know, never left it again till his death in 1768. Of the charming episode of a chance meeting in the square of St. Mark's between Canaletto and John Hinchcliffe, travelling tutor to a young Englishman, in the year 1760, Mrs. Finberg has unearthed an account in a little-known volume of family history.

Among the first people with whom Canaletto got into touch in England was his old patron, MacSwiny, and a result of this was an order for a view of the Thames from Richmond House, row at Goodwood. Though judging only from a reproduction, one feels little hesitation in declaring that this is the finest work produced during Canaletto's English visit that so far has been discovered: it shows to the full the artist's power of large and imposing design, of radiant luminosity of tone; while an exquisite, dainty touch is brought in by the charming little *rococo* figures on the sunlit terrace in the foreground. The same exhilarating sensation is produced by this prospect of the broad, majestic sweep of the Thames as by Canaletto's best Venetian canal scenes; and there is a curious affinity in the motive too: the dome of St. Paul's looms in the distance like another S. Maria della Salute, the rowing boats are moving on the water like gondolas, and the two ceremonial barges seem like smaller replicas of the Bucintoro.

Space does not permit us here to follow in any detail Canaletto's activity during the seven or eight years that he spent in England. A subject which seems to have had a great fascination for him was Westminster Bridge, then in course of construction: he has represented it both in drawings and paintings, of which a particularly fine one is the example belonging to

the Duke of Northumberland, where clever use has been made of the semicircular scaffolding of one of the arches, enclosing a view of the City. Sir Hugh Smithson, subsequently first Duke of Northumberland, ordered several paintings from Canaletto, who also went up to Alnwick to paint a picture of the castle after it had been restored. Other aristocratic patrons of his were the Duke of Beaufort—for whom he painted two perfectly delightful views of Badminton Park and Badminton House—and Earl Brooke, afterwards Earl of Warwick. Finally, we may mention a series of pictures painted right at the end of Canaletto's stay in England for Thomas Hollis, "writer, traveller and benefactor." The history of these works has been very cleverly traced by Mrs. Finberg: they include such important examples as the "Interior of the Rotunda at Ranelagh," in the National Gallery, and the highly picturesque "View of Old Walton Bridge," in the Dulwich Gallery.

At the end of her paper Mrs. Finberg devotes some space to the contemporaries and followers of Canaletto in England: an extremely useful collection of material, which, no doubt, in the course of time it will be possible to supplement. About Antonio Joli, who came to England even before Canaletto, it may be mentioned that there is interesting information also about him in Count Tessin's report just referred to; and in this connection I should further like to draw attention to the painter Cimaroli, whom Mrs. Finberg mentions as a collaborator of Canaletto's in 1726: though now practically forgotten, there must be a number of works by him in England, for Tessin says that he has been "spoilt by the English"; and I remember once coming across two pretty landscapes at Kedleston with "Cimaroli" written at the back.

Of Canaletto's influence on English art Mrs. Finberg writes succinctly and to the point; and there is, no doubt, especially, much truth in what she says about the importance which the example of Canaletto had for the work of Thomas Girtin and, through him, for many later exponents of English landscape art.

The peculiar fascination which attaches to Canaletto's English subjects—apart from their obvious topographical interest—may perhaps be defined as due to the blending of exquisite Venetian *rococo* gracefulness with characteristic English features. And here, as already hinted, the subject-matter, as it were, met Canaletto half-way: the curve of the Thames is reminiscent of the Grand Canal; Ranelagh Rotunda, with its gay and fashionable crowd, instantly suggests the Ridotto; and the Procession of the Knights of the Bath—the subject of an interesting picture belonging to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster—issues from the Abbey like a procession from St. Mark's. What excellent subjects, we may remark in this connection, would not the magnificent Georgian buildings of Dublin, half a century later, have offered to Canaletto's brush! Mrs. Finberg's material, brought together with the utmost care and patience, will also, it may be hoped, serve as a stimulus to further discoveries, which doubtless in this field still await the enquirer.

## "THREE-QUARTERS OF THE DIFFERENCE"

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

THERE have been many discussions about the rule which decrees that in match play the receiver of odds shall only receive three-quarters of the difference in handicap. I would not now discuss it again but that I have lately had put before me by a friend an original and interesting view of the question. Before he became a distinguished "lit'ry gent" my friend was a mathematician: he got a scholarship, I believe, for mathematics at Cambridge. He is now a golfer, though not quite yet up to scholarship standard. Here are his views in his own words:

"The theory behind the three-quarter handicap is based on the assumption that the handicap player is liable to sudden and disastrous 'crashes,' for which (if up to his form) he atones by unexpectedly good play at the remaining holes. As a theory it is sound, in that if an 18-handicap player took 22 for the first hole and did the rest in bogey, a stroke a hole would make him 16 up, even though his medal score was in accordance with his handicap. Its unsoundness in practice lies in the fact that it is based on a false assumption as to the nature of the handicap player's 'crashes.'

"Let us consider a course with a bogey of 72, all the holes being 4's. The 18-handicap man has just gone round in 90. Assume for the moment that he is taking a stroke a hole from bogey. If he does every hole in 5, he is all square. If he does a 6, he must make up for it with a 4, in order to keep to his average of 5's; he loses the 6's, wins the 4's and halves the 5's. Still all square. But if he does a 7, he must then do two 4's, and with a stroke a hole he is now 1 up. Since, then, under the three-quarter handicap, he is robbed of four of his strokes, the

assumption is that he will do at least three, possibly four, 7's in his round.

"But will he? Remember that where bogey is 5, the 7 becomes an 8. Is the 18-handicap man—playing up to his handicap—continually doing '4'-holes in 7 and '5'-holes in 8? That is, does he take three over bogey four times in a round? Certainly not. I doubt if he does it once. His normal hole is one over bogey; an occasional two-over creeps in; the three-over hardly ever—if he is playing up to his form.

"The plus-3 player (such as makes the 'three-quarter' rule for us) will deny this. He will say, 'When I last played an 18-handicap man he crashed all the time.' Exactly; and, in consequence, did not go round in 18 over bogey; in other words, was not, on that day, an 18-handicap man. Or else perhaps he will say, 'Yes, he went round in about 18 over bogey, and he certainly crashed at least four times.' But did he? I know that plus-3 man. A 400yd. hole, and he arrives comfortably near the pin with a drive and iron. His opponent slices his drive into the rough, hacks back into the fairway with a mashie, tops a brassie hard along the ground, slices an iron 20yds. to the right of the green, and—at long last—joins his companion in 5. Is it any wonder that this exhibition of golf seems to Plus Three the most disastrous crash imaginable? But, none the less, Eighteen Handicap is down in 7—only 2 over bogey—and his 'crash' is no justification whatever of the three-quarter handicap system."

At anything to do with figures I am, as Joe Gargery would say, "most awful dull," and I will not, therefore, enlarge on my friend's speculations; perhaps somebody who can do sums

will comment on them. They seem to me, however, to account in an original way for what we know to be a workaday fact, namely, that in a match play tournament the scratch man has the best of it. I will only add a few practical considerations.

One is very obvious. The harder the course the more strokes can the scratch man give. It would be easier to give the whole difference at Westward Ho! for example (where the experiment has successfully been tried), than to give three-quarters on some sheltered inland courses, where the hazards are few and mild and the holes of the length known as "a kick and a spit." Another is that it is difficult to estimate in strokes the value of the patent fact that in a match between a long handicap player and a scratch player the former is generally overawed and starts half beaten. He may not do so in the first or second round, but when the tournament nears its end and there is perhaps a crowd looking on, then he begins to think that it is time he was beaten and beaten he is accordingly. The leading handicap match play tournament is the Jubilee Vase at St. Andrews, for which, incidentally, a special handicap is framed and then the entire difference in strokes given. Some years ago a certain golfer, a very good player in his own class, was competing and he was "well in" with his four or five shots. Before the draw came out he remarked, "I shall do all right unless I come up against that great big bully X and his crowd," X being one of the most famous and popular golfers at St. Andrews. Sure enough he did all right in two or three rounds; he did meet X, the crowd did come out to see and down he went;

furthermore, the "great big bully" in the end won the tournament.

For this frame of mind it is hard to discover an exact remedy in strokes. It might even be said that none is deserved, that the receiver of points must arm himself with triple brass against his terrors, but this is a stern view. A St. Andrews' golfer more than half seriously suggested to me the other day that players of a certain handicap and over (the exact amount was not specified), should receive one or more additional strokes after getting through the first three rounds of the Jubilee Vase. This hole bonus would, he said, hearten them up and mitigate the dreadful sinking that attacks them when the semi-final is drawing near and "tigers" and crowds have to be encountered. I am afraid such a scheme is hardly practicable. For one thing it would be so hard to draw the line above which this system of doles should begin. I have only once heard of anything at all like it. A friend of mine was playing this summer at a Continental watering place, where there were few British golfers, but many of other nations. He and another Englishman went in for a foursome tournament. As they progressed through it, it struck them with dismay that their united handicap seemed to be diminishing. On enquiry they found it was a rule of the club that every time an Englishman got through a round he had one stroke or two—I forget which—lopped off his allowance. By means of this protective tariff my friend, whose handicap at home is about 15, was probably robbed of an international triumph. I think he did very well to reach the semi-final.

## MR. MOUBRAY AND THE BEDALE HUNT

THE reproduction in to-day's issue of COUNTRY LIFE of a picture painted by Mr. A. J. Munnings, A.R.A., of the late Master of the Bedale Hounds, Mr. John J. Moubray of Naemoor, County Perth, and of Mrs. Moubray, will prove of great interest to North Country sportsmen and to those connected with sporting art. The picture was painted by Mr. Munnings for presentation to Mr. Moubray from his many friends in the Bedale country and adjoining Hunts on his resignation of the Mastership of the Bedale Hounds. Mr. Moubray has been Master for the long period of sixteen years, from 1904 to 1920: he has proved a most capable M.F.H. and has shown remarkably good sport. A special debt of gratitude is due to him from the members of the Bedale Hunt for having continued in the Mastership during the late war.

Mrs. Moubray's connection with the Bedale country has been a long one, for she was a daughter of the late Mr. William Booth of Oran and niece of the late Mr. John Booth, a former M.F.H. of the Bedale. She was born at Middleham, and it must have been a special pleasure to her that Mr. John Osborne of Breangill, Middleham, who has hunted with the Bedale all his life and is now in his eighty-ninth year, should have been present at the presentation. The Bedale country is a large one and extends from Richmond and Uckerby on the north to Ripon on the south, and from Northallerton on the east to Leyburn on the west. The Zetland, the Hurworth and the York and Ainsty are the adjoining Hunts.

The Bedale have a good scenting country, particularly on the Friday side and in the Monday country lying on the



MR. A. J. MUNNING'S PICTURE OF MR. AND MRS. JOHN J. MOUBRAY WITH THE BEDALE PACK.



westward: there are extensive ranges of wild moor country, and it is most unfortunate that there is no hill pack to hunt these moorlands and dog the foxes back to the low country.

The country has been fortunate in that its M.F.H.'s have done long service and there have been few changes. The country was originally a portion of the Raby Hunt, which was divided in 1832, and since that time there have only been nine Masters of Hounds, viz., Mr. Mark Milbank of Thorpe Perrow; the Hon. Ernest Duncombe, who later became Lord Feversham; Mr. J. B. Booth; Major H. F. Dent of the 7th Dragoon Guards (twice); Sir G. W. Elliot, Bart.; Sir William Wilson-Todd, Bart.; the Duke of Leeds and Mr. John J. Moubray. On the resignation of Mr. Moubray, in 1920, Lady Masham of Swinton Park came forward and kindly consented to hunt the pack, and it is the one wish of the residents in the country that her tenure of the Mastership may be a lengthy one.

It will be of interest to hunting men to note that both Frank Freeman and Peter Farrelly acted as huntsmen to the Bedale during Mr. Moubray's Mastership. The present huntsman is B. Downs, a good huntsman and an excellent man in kennel; he had a very serious accident last year, but

fortunately has made a good recovery. The painting is a remarkably fine piece of work, and it is evident that Mr. Munnings has devoted much care and trouble to it: it is certainly one of his happiest efforts. The grouping of the picture is very pleasing, and the likenesses of Mr. and Mrs. Moubray characteristic. Particular reference may be made to the brown horse Mr. Moubray is holding, which is a beautiful piece of animal painting. Altogether Mr. Munnings is to be congratulated on his handiwork, and it is very much to be hoped that the public will have the opportunity of seeing the picture at the next Academy.

The presentation was made by Mr. Scrope of Danby, on behalf of 193 subscribers, at the Town Hall at Bedale, on November 1st, the occasion of the opening meet. Mr. Scrope pointed out that Mr. Moubray had come into the country in 1904. Some of the years through which he had carried on the Mastership had been very difficult ones, and the Hunt owed him a deep debt of gratitude. Mr. Moubray in reply spoke warmly of the help that he had received from Captain Reynard and from the landowners and farmers of the country. He expressed his good wishes towards Lady Masham on taking over the Mastership and his hopes that she would be well supported.

## REMINISCENCES OF "R. L. S." AND OTHERS

SIR SIDNEY COLVIN explains in the charming dedication to this book,\* which is addressed to his wife, that the Life of Keats took up so much of his time after his retirement that he has not been able to do several things which he had planned. That involves a considerable disappointment to the admirers of Robert Louis Stevenson, who had hoped that the oldest friend of the novelist would write his biography. They will have to be content with the fifty odd pages which he has devoted to the subject. These are so pleasant and intimate that the readers of them will inevitably long for more. It is a very charming study. In the first place, it is written by a heart-whole admirer. Scarcely a word of fault-finding or criticism has admission to it. It begins with a most energetic confutation of a writer who describes Stevenson's figure as "shadowy" because he was thin, "anæmic" because an invalid, and as "thin-blooded."

Shadowy! he was indeed all his life a bag of bones, a very lath for leanness; as lean as Shakespeare's Master Slender, or let us say as Don Quixote. Nevertheless when he was in the room it was the other people, and not he, who seemed the shadows. The most robust of ordinary men seemed to turn dim and null in presence of the vitality that glowed in the steadfast, penetrating fire of the lean man's eyes, the rich, compelling charm of his smile, the lissom swiftness of his movements and lively expressiveness of his gestures, above all in the irresistible sympathetic play and abundance of his talk. Anæmic! thin-blooded! the main physical fact about him, according to those of his doctors whom I have questioned, was that his heart was too big and its blood supply too full for his body.

He describes the effect produced by Stevenson in his early days as an "extraordinarily vivid and vital presence." This was touched with something that struck the observer as "freakish, rare, fantastic, a touch of the elfin and unearthly, a sprite, an Ariel." It reminds us of a little pen portrait drawn by one who often sauntered up Princes Street, Edinburgh, with "R. L. S." in the days after he left the University—lavishly dressed, handsome in figure, but with a face that owed attraction to frolic and animation, not to regularity or even great beauty of feature. Sir Sidney suggests that the well known description in Henley's sonnet is lively and showy and even flashing. He thinks Henley has got his distinctive and even contradictory qualities lying "like spillikins, unrelated and disconnected." He has got no centre to the picture, which, in the estimation of Sir Sidney Colvin, was "the infinitely kind and tender, devotedly generous, brave and loving heart of the man."

The first meeting between them took place at a country station in Suffolk when Stevenson was twenty-three and Colvin twenty-eight. The latter had recently been appointed Slade Professor at Cambridge and was visiting his older colleague, Professor Churchill Babington, at Cockfield, near Bury St. Edmunds. His wife that was to be, then Mrs. Sitwell, had written to him about this youth, whom she recognised as a young genius. He describes how Stevenson captured the whole household at the rectory within an hour of his first appearance. It is an admiring and enchanting figure of "R. L. S." in his brave youth, and the attitude of Colvin never seems to have changed, although Stevenson himself was nothing if not changeable. At the rectory he had been as neatly clad as he was in Princes Street at about the same period, but later on most of the images that Colvin retained "presents him in the slovenly, nondescript

Bohemian garments and untrimmed hair which it was in those days his custom to wear." Stevenson had the remarkable gift of appearing equally natural and at home in the very elegant attire which he sometimes affected and in the shabby and Bohemian clothes that he wore at other times, a rare but not an uncommon gift. He gives a pretty little picture of him as he walked down Regent Street and along Piccadilly in a black frock coat and tall hat which he had worn once at a wedding. One can imagine the effect of this odd figure repeating the lines and cadences of his favourite Milton as he walked:

His wrath  
Burned after them to the bottomless pit.  
Like Teneriffe or Atlas, unremoved—  
All night the dreadless angel, unpursued—  
Oh! how comely it is and how reviving  
To the spirits of just men long opprest!

Another typical incident was his presentation of himself one morning at Colvin's Norwood cottage "wearing a worn-out sleeved waistcoat over a black flannel shirt, and weary and dirty from a night's walking followed by a couple of hours' slumber in a garden outhouse he had found open." Stevenson had tramped the southern slums and suburbs in the hope of arousing the suspicion of the policeman and getting taken up as a rogue and vagabond, hoping thereby to prove his belief that the Law has one pair of scales for the ragged and another for the respectable. He was rather crestfallen to find they refused to take him seriously as a member of the criminal classes.

On the Riviera Stevenson met Andrew Lang for the first time, and for once we wish that Sir Sidney Colvin had possessed something of Boswell's power of industrious note-making. The early conversations between Stevenson and Lang would be delightful to-day if there had been anyone to record them. There was, on the one hand, the young Oxford Don on the regular academic lines, speaking the purest English, full of literature and pleasantry, but on his guard against any show of emotion and hiding his ardour and enthusiasm under the cloak of indifference and light banter. Stevenson, on the other hand, is accurately described as "the brilliant, irregularly educated lad from Edinburgh, to the conventional eye an eccentrically ill clad and long-haired nondescript, with the rich Lallan accent on his tongue, the obvious innate virility and spirit of adventure in him."

A most attractive story is told of an early summer in 1874, when Stevenson spent a fortnight with his friend at Hampstead Hill. We see "R. L. S." craning his head out of a side window and watching girl children skipping: "Was there ever such heavenly sport? Had I ever seen anything so beautiful? Kids and a skipping-rope—most of all that blessed youngest kid with the broken nose who didn't know how to skip—nothing in the whole wide world had ever made him half so happy in his life before."

One day he came to Mrs. Colvin, now Lady Colvin, with the earliest poems of Mr. Robert Bridges in his hand, full of enthusiasm for the wonderful new genius, till, becoming aware they were being coolly received, he exclaimed: "My God! I believe you don't like them," and flung the book across the

room. When he went to his hostess again he would begin by bargaining: "You won't *Bridges* me this time, will you?"

After all, when we consider that these anecdotes are but examples of many others recounted by Sir Sidney Colvin, there does not seem so much reason to regret that he has not written a formal biography.

We can only give short notice to the other contents of the book, many of which are, nevertheless, of exceptional interest. The book opens with an account of boyhood on the East Coast, that is to say, the Suffolk coast, the little sketch of Crabbe, and references to Bernard Barton, Edward Fitz-Gerald and a great deal of other equally pleasant lore. Ruskin and Rossetti, Edward Burne-Jones, G. F. Watts, William Ewart Gladstone and Sir Charles Newton are the chief Victorian figures in the book. They are not bitten in with the caustic wit which now is commonly applied to their generation. There will be no small number of readers who will prefer the gentler and more sympathetic style of treatment.

*\*Memories and Notes*, by Sydney Colvin. (Arnold.)

*Europe—Whither Bound?* by Stephen Graham. (Thornton Butterworth, 10s. 6d. net.)

IN the early spring of the present year Mr. Stephen Graham set off on a tour of the capitals of Europe, "keeping," as he expresses it, "the taxi waiting." His general purpose was to obtain photographic impressions of that Europe which seeks to construct or to reconstruct out of the debris and declension of the war. He brought to the successful accomplishment of this purpose a peculiarly favourable equipment—a preliminary knowledge of Europe and with that a pre-war standard of comparison, a knowledge of languages and of the technique of travel (both particularly advantageous in 1921, as his book shows), a certain acquaintance—and yet not too near an one—with the psychology and mentality of Central European peoples; a first-hand experience of the war, and a recent familiarity with contrasting viewpoints in the New World. The result is a disquieting book. The word "disquieting" is used advisedly: disappointing—no, for the book convinces; pessimistic—no, for the truth is not pessimism; disillusioning—perhaps, for some of us permitted ourselves illusions in 1919. And it brings its own echoes. Carl has assaulted the falling-to-pieces Hapsburg throne—Europe trembles. The Little Entente threatens, mobilises. Carl has been collared, but—what next? So one realises that a man, a match, a movement suffices to set the whole smouldering mass of debris—yes, and the scaffolding that has been tentatively raised—ablaze. A man, a match! . . . Mr. Stephen Graham says our co-factor, France, has pursued selfishly; has intrigued, has thwarted Hungary, Bavaria-Austria, Silesia-cum-Poland! And now the Franklin-Bouillon Kemalist Agreement. It is thus with a feeling of being confronted, however reluctantly, with undeniable affirmations that one turns to the reading of *Quo Vadis Europa*. The more so because Stephen Graham has been labelled "idealist"; the more so because Stephen Graham has preached the new light and spiritual unfolding of Russia. Here is one, then, who shall see no chimeras of despair, no dissonance where is none, nor reaction, but rather a hopeful springing of new life, if it is to be. He (at Sofia) found this:

"It's a strange time."

"Yes, strange."

"Who knows what will happen next in Europe?"

"Do you think European civilisation will fall?"

"I think it possible that it may."

"In my opinion also—it may happen. The fall of Russia is just a forewarning—it will all go down."

"Once more the favourite theme of conversation."

So two exiles—Count Tolstoy and Colonel S. You go on—Athens and Constantinople you have left; you come in turn to Belgrade, Budapest, Vienna, Prague, Warsaw, Munich, Berlin, Rome, Monte Carlo, London, Paris. What a kaleidoscope it is, what a patchwork, and what a revelation of turmoil and trial! . . . There are two vivid word-pictures in this book done in the style of "With Russian Pilgrims to Jerusalem." One is *macabre*: it is of a street scene by night in Constantinople, with a woman calling "Chetivesta! Chetivesta!" drunken American sailors, and a gramophone bleating out strains of "Pagliacci," while figures swirl to a *grande danse Muscovite*. There are cosmopolitan crowds in the streets, two waifed children have laid themselves down on the pavement under the rain. The picture left in the mind is not so much a photograph as the negative of a photograph. Constantinople is Europe and Europe Constantinople—to-day. The other vivid impression is of the Napoleon Centenary celebrations at Warsaw and of the Polish mob's frenzied enthusiasm for France. "What interest," an Englishman asks himself, "has France in supporting Poland morally, financially, militarily—is it sentiment?" The question is coldly answered in this book. And this book is written in sharp, hard lines. If anything, the lines are too sharp and too hard. Except where these are drastically relevant to his purpose the author has rejected the discursiveness, the incidental reflections and refractions of travel. The latter as a method is pictorially interesting; but *Europe—Whither Bound?* is more than interesting: it is purposive. We must become "good Europeans." So in relief they stand—the elegant, egotistical Greek; the simple, stupid Bulgar; the brusque, business-like Czechoslovakian; the disliked, aggressive Pole; the half-dreamy, half-cultured Serb, and so on. The whole family of European children—very child-like, most of them—passes across the stage, and it is as though a lecturer recited their several qualifications as they pass—this one industry, that order, this ambition, that negation. And the commonplace phrase "Europe in the melting-pot" comes back to the mind.

Mr. Graham does not prejudice an answer to his own question. But the reader does. The book compels: when he shuts it up he thinks it over. . . . The war was to be a war to end war, the peace—a peace of betterness and ideals. But out of Versailles have come no conclusions, only inconclusiveness—flux. Where are we? Who's who? And what about to-morrow? Mr. Stephen Graham states the greatest of finite problems—that of the future of Europe. He does

not forecast. To-day are no solutions, only factors. One finds a key-sentence on page 174:

"It was only fifty years after the Franco-German War that this new war came. Who knows what re-grouping of power there may be, or how Germany will stand in 1970!"

Yes, there are only factors—not even sign-posts. One (adjudged by this book) is a cynical and reactionary France, a France bent already on the tortuous paths of the old diplomacy, if not of a calculated European hegemony and imperialism. A greater—the factor of Russia. The darkness, rays (sometimes) of a spiritual dawn—but not calculability, not stability, not peace—or faith. That of the Balkans—"the best way to avoid trouble in the Balkans is to have larger, more comprehensive States." The Hungarian urge to a monarchy—indisputable; the Austrian urge to South Germany; a Bavarian instinct to disruption from the *Reich*—recurrent under conditions, though not insistent. Then Poland, then Constantinople, and—Germany. England preoccupied and a little aloof. . . . *Europe—Whither Bound?*—a curious title. Our standby is that after world-war there must be world-disorder; that exhaustion offers breathing-space; that—"things will take a better turn." But the seeds of wars and schism are scattered far, and the workmanship of Versailles shows no advance upon that of Bismarck in Berlin. Human nature has not altered. Ireland is very near home. Any book about Europe has to end with an interrogation mark. WILFRID EWART.

*Four Plays for Dancers*, by W. B. Yeats. (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.)

THE latest experiment of Mr. W. B. Yeats makes very delightful reading, whatever may be the success achieved or not achieved upon the stage. "At the Hawk's Well" is a play, wonderfully well conceived, of the romantic kind, and contains many happy lines of poetry, such as:

"Why should I sleep," the heart cries,  
For the wind, the salt wind, the sea wind  
Is beating a cloud through the skies;  
I would wander always like the wind."

In this kind of play we can very well imagine that the puppet may be as good as the person, especially when it is designed by Mr. Dulac. Of the admirable puppets the Guardian of the Well is something between a Dryad and a hawk with a colleen thrown in. "The Musician," the "Old Man at the Well" and the "Mask for a Young Man at the Well" are all so powerfully and well designed as to produce the eerie, mystic atmosphere in which the acting takes place. Either that is so or Mr. W. B. Yeats is a wizard who, at his will, is able to make us think it so. There are three other plays each full of poetry, but the best is "At the Hawk's Well."

MR. LAURENCE HOUSMAN'S *Possession: A Peepshow in Paradise* (Jonathan Cape) is a companion play to "Angels and Ministers." It is devoted to religion, even as that was to politics. It is extremely profane, but the reader is so carried away by the fun that he forgets the profanity. "Fun" is rather too boisterous a word to use where all is gentle and quiet, like the society of ladies at the time of the Great Exhibition. They are all in the afterworld which may be Heaven or Hell, as suits the taste of the reader. About, there are friends, companions, old servants, old china and old silver, and they have a pleasant habit inherited from the witches in "Macbeth" of making themselves and their belongings into thin air into which they vanish whenever conversation becomes too personal or disagreeable. This should be conducive to their happiness, especially as they carry with them not only the material furniture, but the little intrigues and jealousies, likes and hates, and we would add superiorities, which distinguished them in the flesh. Difficulties arise, too, such as that of the first wife, who is not at all pleased that her consort should prefer to pass his time, or rather his eternity, with the other one. Several little awkward things of this kind happen in the course of the narrative or play. They are not difficult to get over when the power is given even to a new-comer to sink through the floor into the lower storey. Whether Mr. Housman was trying to depict Heaven or Hell remains a mystery even until the play is ended.

*The Something Better*, by Lilian Arnold. (Long, 8s. 6d.)

TO say of Mrs. Arnold's pleasant book that it has the effect of being a little old-fashioned is not to be uncomplimentary. Many of us are a little tired of the haphazard tales of lives, from which all reticence and all sense of balance have apparently been blotted out, which flood the bookstalls nowadays. There should be many readers of this well written story of people who behave with the same regard for privacy and convention as well bred folks generally display in real life and who do not indulge either mentally or physically in improbable contortions. The story Mrs. Arnold has to tell is that of a few decisive years in the lives of two young men, poets, and sworn friends until rivalry, first in love and then in art, severs them. She has an excellent sense of humour and has sketched in a background of Italian sunshine with a practised hand.

## BOOKS WORTH READING.

### BIOGRAPHY.

*Other Days*, by J. W. Leigh, late Dean of Hereford. (Unwin, 18s.)

*Edwin Austin Abbey, R.A.*, by E. V. Lucas. (Methuen, two volumes, £6 6s.)

### FICTION.

*The Young Enchanted*, by Hugh Walpole. (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.)

*Adrienne Toner*, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. (Arnold, 7s. 6d.)

### VERSE AND LITERATURE.

*Fourteenth Century Verse and Prose*, edited by Kenneth Sisam. (Oxford University Press, 7s. 6d.)

*More Songs of the Glens of Antrim*, by Moira O'Neill. (Blackwood, 5s. 6d.)

*Eskimo Folk-Tales*, by Knud Rasmussen, and W. Worster. (Gyldendal, 15s.)

*The Child's Book of France*, by Sidney Dark. (Chapman, 10s. 6d.)

*Small Talk at Weyland*, Second Series, by Cecil Torr. (Cambridge University Press, 9s.)



## CORRESPONDENCE

## THE ETHICS OF IVY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have recently been wondering where lay the romantic element that attaches to ivy in the heart of the general public, and came at length to certain conclusions of which I should like to hear the opinions of you and your readers, both ivy lovers and ivy haters. I began by considering when ivy was held to enhance beauty and when to conceal it. To begin with, the ivy has to be very, very old, and since it is only in very rare cases, for instance at Hurstmonceux, that a wall is built up behind existing ivy, we may therefore assume that the

ing masonry for another decade. Ivy on ugly or merely featureless buildings—such as walls or warehouses—seems to have had no beauty. Now, is not this a ridiculous state of affairs? Like a parasite, ivy can only be thought beautiful when, so to speak, it has sucked that quality out of its supporter. And that is precisely what it does—for when the ivy is taken down it is found that the mortar has crumbled to dust, long tendrils worming their way between the stones, and that from the softer kinds of stone the surface will flake off with the ivy. The taste that appreciates ivy is that which can tolerate the meaningless draperies,

stripped! What rhythm and clarity, where before every note was slurred, every line indistinct. Having, with such success, beautified their cloisters, is it too much to hope that the Magdalen College authorities may go a step further and take down the parasites that literally cover the Founder's Tower shown in the illustration?—PERTINAX.

## THE BENEFIT OF PIG MANURE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In our district we have had this year a field crop competition. One competition was for the best two acres mangel and the other for the best two acres swedes. As soon as I heard of the competition I at once sent in entries, and the results have just been published. I have been awarded the first prize for the best two acres of both mangel and swedes. These wins were made with just the ordinary cultivation that I do here, and I can only put it down to two things, viz., really deep cultivation with tractor plough and plenty of pig manure, because in going round the district I find that most people lost their swedes with mildew and mangels were not all that could be desired. As far as I can see mine will come out to nearly 40 tons to the acre. Last year we had a lot of rain and grew splendid crops of swedes and mangels, but this year we had none, so that pig manure seems to make one independent of drought.—S. F. EDGE.

## "I" AND "U."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A friend sends me the enclosed witty rejoinder of Garrick to a criticism by a Dr. Hill on his (Garrick's) pronunciation of the letter "i" in such words as "virtue" (vurtue), "fir" (fur), etc. Although the hieroglyphics in the N.E.D. profess to show a difference in the pronunciation of "fir" and "fur," it seems to me almost impossible to distinguish any difference in the sound. Can you, Mr. Editor, give me any instance of such words as would justify Dr. Hill's criticism, or can you tell me if such words were then spoken as a Scot or a Frenchman might pronounce them to-day? This is Garrick's reply:

"If 'tis true as you say that I've injured a letter,

May the just worth of letters as well as of men

Hereafter be fixed by the tongue and the pen. Most devoutly I wish that they both have their due

And that I may be never be mistaken for U."

H. B. N.

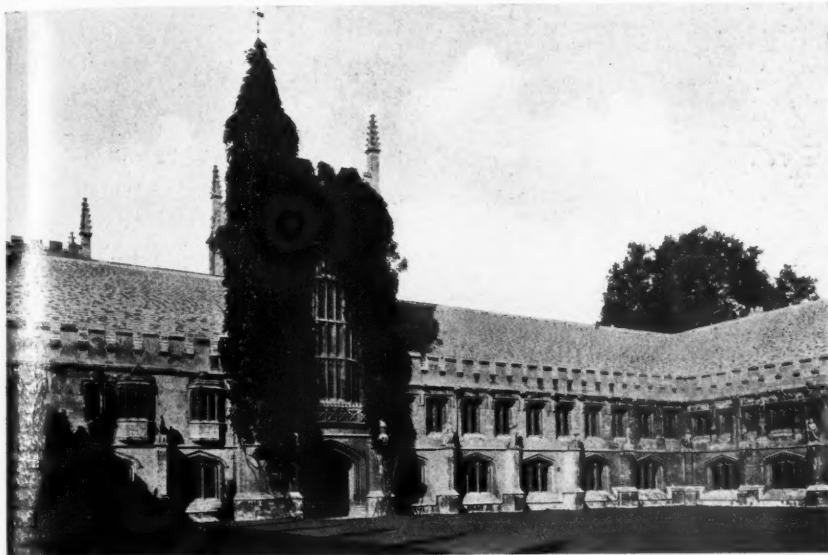
[In many words the values of the vowels have changed greatly since Garrick's time.—ED.]

## LICE AND DISTEMPER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I wonder if any of your correspondents who are interested in dogs have studied the question of there being a possibility of distemper being spread by lice? I find that a great many dogs from sporting kennels are more or less afflicted with these parasites, and puppies are often full of them. No doubt breeders of valuable dogs are careful that breeding bitches should be quite clear of them. Are foxhounds equally free? The puppies coming up from walk are likely to bring them. Perhaps the matter has already been investigated, but if not it is surely worth attention.—"SAML. TRIGGER."

[Although for the comfort of the infested dog lice should be got rid of at once, we do not think there is any serious danger of these objectionable parasites helping to spread distemper. They adhere so closely to their host that a dog harbouring them would not be likely to shed them about outside the kennels. Puppies sent to shows nearly always contract distemper, sometimes being infected by a dog that is suffering in the early stages, and at others taking it from one that has previously been in contact with a patient. The inexperienced dog owner is the worst offender, for it is not at all uncommon to see a sick dog running about the streets or roads, and wherever he has been he leaves contagion behind him. A useful remedy for lice is to dress the dog with an emulsion made of two parts petroleum and one part milk. Add the oil to warmed milk and shake well. Petroleum or turpentine sprinkled on the bedding is usually a preventive.—ED.]



THE FOUNDER'S TOWER, MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD, AS IT IS TO-DAY.



THE CLOISTERS AT MAGDALEN AS THEY USED TO BE.

very old ivy, to be considered beautiful, must conceal something just as old. A cursory study of the minor ecclesiastical poets of the early nineteenth century, and of that school which was largely under their influence—the Boudoir coterie—reveals a further fact: that ivy never attained to its natural, or supreme, beauty until that which it covered was hopelessly ruinous. There was, we may suppose, something that appealed to the romanticism of the age in the prospect of kind Mother Nature gently, peaceably shrouding the tired grey walls of some ancient abbey, hiding their decay beneath her own green mantle. The strong branches of the ivy were, no doubt, likened to Mother Nature's arms, holding together the decompos-

and bobbles, and festoons of stuff that characterised the decoration of the last age. During the last few years, however, we have at least managed to get out of that sloppy slough of sentimentalism and to look once again for simple grace or beauty of line. A returning simplicity marks all branches of art, and consequently of taste (though that is a vile word and really signifies only what you or I individually think). As ivy is romantic, flamboyant, sentimental, and requires to have a beautiful support, the cloisters of Magdalen College, Oxford, were no doubt thought, in their ivy-clad days, to be superlatively charming. But how infinitely more beautiful are the buildings after being

## A GLOUCESTERSHIRE OAK.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Why does such a giant still survive covered with acorns and with none of his kind anywhere near to keep him company? That is one question that naturally springs to the observer's mind who, upon following a rather out-of-the-way but open farm track from Edge to Holcombe, enters a certain far-sloping pasture field that evidently a century ago was a thriving cider orchard, the decadent trunks and unpicked fruit of which are yearly diminishing. For they represent eighteenth century apple trees that in the dewy dawn look like a spellbound set of grey dwarfs wreathed in mist, while over them stands that dimly golden monarch, or mountain of obscure glory, that will presently resume all the magnificence in which yesterday's sunset left him. And with his height of 95ft. and spread of 130ft., what in point of time does he not stand for? Where in the piping glades of Royal Windsor or of Bonnie Sherwood shall one find his rival? The Newland oak, towards the Wye, still bears a crest of leaves and must be at least four centuries older than this tree; but for the last two hundred years it has possessed nothing above 40ft. in height, and merely looks like an amorphous monster. The grandsires of both trees may have overlapped somewhere about the latter days of the Roman villas in Cotswold or the time of Honorius. At any rate, since this tree uprose, a simple sapling, from some casual acorn that the passing wild boar missed munching somewhere about the time of King John's humiliation at Runnymede, whole nations have been made, have disappeared or have been remade, and the face of two-thirds



THE PAINSWICK OAK.

of the solid face of the world changed. Instead of neighbouring farms and pasture, here were forest and moorland, and a few hundred yards above that lay the ancient war-track that skirts the escarpment stretching along between the two Bronze Age camps of Haresfield and Painswick and overlooking Severn. But once-abundant oak has in later times given way to beech, elm and walnut, and it is nowhere around abundant any more. This is probably owing to shipbuilding and timber framings and the furniture trade; yet when Henry and Anne Boleyn came on their wedding to hunt hereabouts, under the direction of Sir Witham Kingston (Master of the King's Forests and, later, Anne's grim gaoler at the Tower), there occurred—as the Domestic State Papers show—some very irritable haggling between the latter official and the then lord and lady of the manor of Painswick about the projected felling of a number of great oaks that stood within the deer park; and even until about sixty years back two great oak trees stood in the farm at Duddescombe (now "Dutchcombe"), in that direction.

How, then—we repeat the question—has it come about that this other great oak has escaped at least the elements? A glance at the adjacent contours of the soil discovers at once the decided presence of natural Titanic guardians that have faithfully insured Hercules their protection. For hard by, to the south-west and, rather further off, to the north-east, the swelling fields that were former moorlands rise into noble mounds that must have ward off hundreds of destructive gales and breaking blizzards; while, but fifty paces west of the tree, a deep and rich irregular furrow, falling for hundreds of yards down the field to the combe at the bottom, tells of the labours of an ancient spring that has supplied secret life to the clay that is ever around the feet of even the most glorious of giants.—ST. CLAIR BADDELEY.

## A NOVEMBER WILD ROSE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I enclose a wild rosebud on the same stalk as a berry. They were picked near Bawtry in South Yorkshire on November 1st. There are a great many about, as well as dogwood in full flower. I hope this will interest you.—H. RAVENSHAW.

## POISONOUS LABURNUM SEEDS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I should be greatly obliged if you would inform me if the seeds of the laburnum tree are poisonous. I am contemplating sending some seeds of this very useful wood for small tool hafts, etc., to a young Angora goat farmer in the high, lands of Northern Cape Colony, but am retarded from doing so by being told on many sides that they are poisonous to children and therefore very likely to be deleterious to passing goats of all kinds. Thanking you in anticipation.—I. W. HOWARD.

[Seeds of the laburnum are, especially in dry seasons, very poisonous, and unless the plantation can be securely fenced from the goats it would not be wise to introduce the tree to a goat farm.—ED.]

## WITH THE CHIDDINGFOLD HUNT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The enclosed photograph, taken when out with the Chiddingfold Foxhounds in Surrey, illustrates the method adopted by "the



THE TERRIER MAN WITH HIS ENTRENCHING TOOL.

terrier man" when following hounds. The terrier man incidentally is a well known solicitor in the district who boasts of never missing a run and is a familiar figure with the above hounds. He follows on a bicycle, taking the terrier on a lead. Tied to his back is an entrenching tool, which I may say has been introduced subsequently to the war. In any weather, or across any country, you may be sure he will be in at the death. Should Reynard go to earth, the one man sought after is he. Now cubbing has started you may rest assured he will be out and that the cubs will get well scattered and afford good runs in the coming season.—C. M. BALLARD.

## THE BEST BACON.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In "Country Notes" of October 22nd the question is asked, "Which is the best pig for bacon?" I do not presume to give a good answer, but merely say that the old pig-feeders in the Midlands, at least in Derbyshire, used to say that the old White breed made the best, particularly if it showed a reddish or golden colour when cleaned after killing. This was the belief or opinion of many village folk in the days when cottagers fed and killed and "saved their own bacon."—DERBYSHIRE.

## A CANINE PEACEMAKER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I do not know whether the following will be of any interest to your readers, but send it you for what it is worth. I have at home a terrier and two bull pups. The latter are kept in a stable, the door of which consists of an upper and lower half, and the upper half is usually open by day. The terrier, which was loose in the yard, one day heard the bull pups quarrelling. He jumped into the stable over the closed lower half of the door stopped the fight, and jumped out again.—J. E. C. EATON.

## A ROBIN ROOSTING ON A HORSE'S MANE.

TO THE EDITOR.

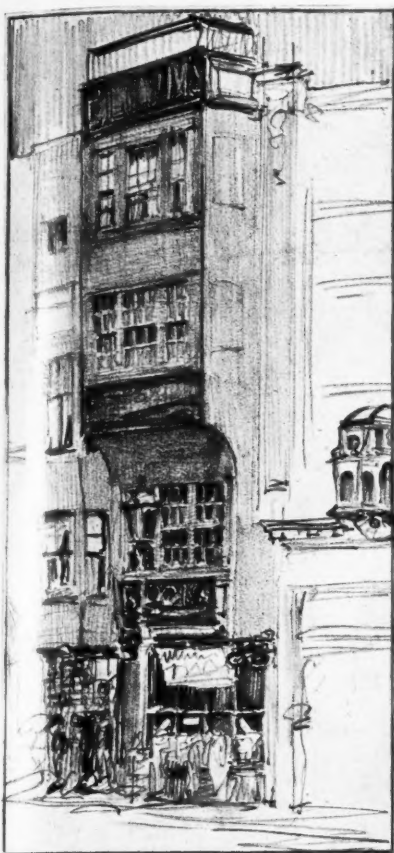
SIR,—Perhaps some of your readers may be interested in the following: A robin has lately taken up its abode in the stable here (near Honiton) and usually roosts on my horse's mane. It can often be seen sitting well up between Beauty's ears and continually singing. My chestnut, Beauty, seems thoroughly to enjoy the little thing's song and stands with eyes half closed and ears cocked back, apparently drinking in every sound. The bird also takes its share of crushed oats when Beauty is fed; and it is a pretty sight to notice how careful the horse is not to frighten or hurt his little companion in any way.—M. M. HART.



## AN OLD STRAND HOUSE IN DANGER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Some of your readers will have noticed, close to the spot where Temple Bar once stood, that a shop lately occupied by the optician,



"BLOOM'S" IN THE STRAND.

who has now moved to Ludgate Hill, has become vacant, and that the chances are that this and the house adjoining will shortly be wiped out of existence to give place to a more important, but, perhaps, less interesting building. There used to be several of these seventeenth or eighteenth century buildings in Fleet Street and the Strand. They have a very intimate connection with the preservation of the "atmosphere" of London. They remind us that we are a city with some roots in the background of history, of Lamb, Johnson, Goldsmith, Pepys and hundreds of others of London's great men. They have not, perhaps, much architectural importance, although there is a possibility behind the plaster, but there is a homeliness, and even an historical significance which all good Londoners will hate to part with. And yet it seems nobody's business to preserve them. I remember in the case of the two more famous Strand houses at the Charing Cross end, an appeal was made to the London Society, but it was war time, and no action could be taken. Of course, all these houses could not be preserved, Wych Street, Booksellers' Row and a hundred others have had to go. London must develop, but I cannot believe the preservation of these few that remain would adversely affect that growth; as they get scarcer their preservation becomes more important.—H. FALKNER.

## AN AMERICAN IN ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In travelling through the country I was surprised at the great number of open wells and wells with only a trap-door or loose cover, which are a constant source of great danger to the lives of the children on these farms. As I believe that this is partly due to thoughtlessness on the part of these farmers, would it not be well for you to publish a warning in your paper occasionally against this dangerous condition, as many children lose their lives from this cause.—A. L. POTTER.

## MIGRATION OF AN AMERICAN BIRD INTRODUCED INTO ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—An instance of the migratory instinct in a new country is shown by an American bird introduced into England in 1909, the

species being migratory in its native country. In the spring of 1909 Lord Northcliffe had some American robins, or red-breasted thrushes (*Turdus migratorius*), in his aviary near Guildford in Surrey. These birds nested there, and their eggs were placed in the nests of song thrushes and blackbirds, which hatched the eggs and reared the young. Later, most of the parents were released and also nested in a free state. These birds all left the neighbourhood and have scattered over the eastern counties and nested there. Working north, two pairs at least are known to have nested in Warwickshire in 1912, and one pair in Staffordshire in 1913, while another pair reached Cumberland, where they reared a brood near St. Bees, and another bird was seen in Westmorland in October, 1920. The bird is best described as a thrush with a red breast. In its native country it nests from Alaska and Newfoundland, as far south as Wyoming and Carolina, wintering in the southern United States and Northern Mexico.—H. W. ROBINSON.

## THE FORWARD SEAT IN THE HUNTING FIELD

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I feel at a considerable disadvantage in discussing horsemanship with Colonel McTaggart because I have the misfortune to have had a long and rather varied experience of sport on horseback both in India and England, since in his eyes length of experience is a disqualification and only the newest methods pass muster. I have, however, talked over Colonel McTaggart's ideas with other crusty old fogies, and I find that, like myself, they are impenitently wedded to the style of horsemanship which has brought them success between the flags, pleasure at polo, and the keenest enjoyment with hounds in many countries. I am rather surprised that Colonel McTaggart differs from me as to the length of the stirrup with a long-shouldered horse, that is, in the case of a horse which has plenty in front of you and carries his saddle in the right place. A short-necked horse with the saddle necessarily more forward would, with most riders, require shorter leathers than would the horse with shoulders well laid back. I have always thought, and still believe, that one of the "pleasures for a millionaire" of riding horses with perfect shoulders was that one could obtain the ease and freedom of seat which, as many of us think, a fairly long stirrup gives. By a long stirrup let me guard myself by saying that I do not mean anything extravagant. I leave extreme statements to the younger school of writers, but stirrups of such a length that when one stands in the stirrups he just clears the pommel of the saddle. Colonel McTaggart lays great stress on the advantage of the forward seat as taking the weight off the hind quarters, but inasmuch as a horse lands over fences on one fore leg (in the hunting field with about 14st. on his back), surely it is inadvisable to throw the weight too much forward, although this may be quite sound where pace is desired, as on a racecourse. Nor do I think that the possibility of a broken back need trouble us. This accident is so rare. On the other hand, every hunting man knows that trouble with the forelegs is common enough, and while I have in many years only seen one broken back, and that on a steeplechase course, I have suffered in my own stable from strains of back sinews and suspensory ligaments. I have always been, and still remain, a believer in long reins, and I think it is better to throw the weight backwards rather than forward on landing. I do not think there is any real difficulty in picking up a horse on landing over a fence if the reins are long and the hands in the right place, *i.e.*, on either side of the withers in front of the saddle. Lastly, I do not believe in any rigid precepts for riding. The great thing to aim at is ease in the saddle and, perhaps, we cannot get much beyond the wisdom of the Master of the Handley Cross Hounds when he said: "The position in the saddle that is most comfortable to the rider is most comfortable to the horse," or words to that effect. Unconscious ease and freedom in the saddle are the real secrets of horsemanship and of success in the hunting field or on the polo ground. That is what I meant when I said that the new system is "self conscious." Directly we begin to think how we are sitting in the saddle or handling the reins it is probable that we are doing something in a wrong way. Captain Edwards, whose sketches display practical knowledge as well as artistic power, can defend himself, but he might perhaps feel himself vindicated if he glanced over the truly absurd drawings which illustrate Colonel

McTaggart's book, which is, nevertheless, well worth reading and when he is dealing with horses, not hobbies, full of sound sense. With regard to Colonel McTaggart's remark as to the signature of "X," for many years I have written over that *nom de guerre* for COUNTRY LIFE, but if the editor pleases I have no especial desire to remain anonymous.—X.

P.S.—Just as I finished the above letter a cavalry man and polo player, who is also member of an historic Hunt, came in. I showed him Colonel McTaggart's letter and my reply. He agrees with me that the forward seat at polo is impossible, since the utmost freedom is required. He also denies that all cavalymen agree with Colonel McTaggart as to the forward seat in the hunting field, and agrees that it puts an undue pressure on the sinews of the forelegs.—X.

## SOME REMARKABLE HEADS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—By the courtesy of Messrs. Rowland Ward I am enabled to send you particulars of some very remarkable heads. The measurements of the Virginia deer are as follows: Length, right 27½ins., left 28ins.; circumference 6½ins.; extreme spread 29½ins.; points 44. It was killed in Michigan, U.S.A., circa 1877, and is now in the collection of Dr. H. M. Beck. This gentleman also owns a very fine head of the Proguhorn antelope, killed in Antelope Valley, California, circa 1860, whose measurements are: Length, outside curve 20ins.; circumference 8½ins.; tip to tip 10½ins.;



VIRGINIA DEER, 44 POINTS.



MALFORM WAPITI, 29 POINTS.

extreme spread 18½ins. The wapiti—of which, unfortunately, no measurements are available—is owned by Mr. John C. Phillips, who possesses a fine collection of big game trophies. Not only is the number of points unusual, but the head appears to be very massive and most of the points are long.—FRANK WALLACE.



IN the article on this house which appeared in *COUNTRY LIFE* for October 29th something was said about the exterior and what had been done by way of addition and alteration. The interior now remains to be dealt with. The accompanying plans show the house as it was and as it is. Prior to the reconstruction the place had been a small farmhouse of the comfortable sort, with a large cartshed adjoining on the north side. The main lines of the fabric were left untouched, while the internal walls have been altered as shown. The farmhouse parlour is still the main sitting-room, and leading out of it is the dining-room, formed by throwing together a small panelled room with the passage and larder next to it. Beyond, the old kitchen has been converted into a convenient pantry, and a new kitchen made in the former dairy. Here everything is planned to obviate the disadvantages of an old house. Patent flooring with rounded skirting, a gas cooking stove of the latest pattern, and efficient sinks make for easy working. A servants' sitting-room has been arranged in the new addition on the north side, with furnace room for central heating below it. The open cart-shed has become a jolly playroom, with a high open roof. It is entered both from the garden and from the new entrance hall. At the further end of the playroom is a tall Swedish stove built in tile and flanked by large cupboards in which school and play things can be tidily stored.

Mr. Ambrose Heal has been consistently an apostle of to-day, and it is fitting that we should find him carrying out his creed in



THE SITTING-ROOM WITH ITS DECORATED CEILING BEAMS.

This was the living-room of the old farmhouse.

his own house, even though this happens to be an old one. The matter at the outset is provocative, but therein lies its principal interest. The usual thing is always to follow precedent, so that in a house, for instance, of the early eighteenth century you can be accommodately correct with the discreet use of

bolelection-moulded panelling, swags, and fat cornices, whereas to be modern is at once difficult and a challenge to the orthodox. With a good deal of truth it may be argued that if you have an old house of a certain period it is only right that you should carry on its predominating character in any alterations or additions, but there are those, like Mr. Heal himself, who would reply that repetition of past work in this way leads only to stagnation, and is death to every form of development—and the good work of to-day has no less a claim than the good work of the past. Strict adherence to precedent, or a particular period in furnishing, means, in an Elizabethan house, the exclusion of such an essentially modern and most comfortable thing as an upholstered settee, because no such thing existed when the house was built. One has especially to bear in mind this point of view in looking at the interior treatment of Baylin's Farm. Take, for example, the sitting-room, shown above. This, as already explained, was the living-room of the farmhouse and had a range built into the chimney recess, with cupboards occupying the spaces on either side. These cupboards were cleared away, together with the range, and the old chimney seats were revealed, but now, instead of the large open fire



LOOKING THROUGH FROM SITTING-ROOM TO DINING-ROOM.

Showing the original timbered doorways.



one might have expected to see, there is a modern hearth fire set in the midst of cream tiling embellished with the signs of the Zodiac. It is essentially a modern treatment, and one that some will decry; but looked at from the modern point of view it can be justified. And the same may be said of similar essentially modern things in this room and others throughout the house.

The sitting-room has a fine oak-timbered ceiling with heavily moulded beams, formerly much obscured by many coats of limewash. When these were removed it was found that the action of the lime had darkened the oak to such an extent that the effect was very gloomy. It was decided, therefore, to ask Mr. MacDonald Gill and his assistants to enliven the mouldings with gay patterns painted in bright colours. It has the effect before achieved by the limewash, namely, of raising the apparent height of the ceiling, and it does so in a more interesting way. This is a modern rendering of an old manner, and a very successful one, far more so than it is possible for a photograph to record.

The dining-room is entered from the sitting-room by two original arched doorways, through which pleasant vistas are obtained from either side. This room, partially panelled, is now L-shaped, thus dividing itself conveniently into a dining and sitting portion. In the latter part is a recessed fireplace where some interesting modern tiling is again to be seen. Modern, too, are the long oak table and chairs designed by Mr. Heal. It is worth noting how happily these live with the old oak pieces in the room and with the old oak panelling. The floors, both here and in the sitting-room, are formed with planks of oak laid in random widths on the old joists, and carpets and rugs give again the modern note in conjunction with hand-woven wool case-mement curtains, and settee and chair coverings of modern design and fashioning.

Turning now to the upper floor, first to be noted is some of the ancient timbered work of the original house (probably of the sixteenth century) on the landing at the head of the main staircase. It was on this upper floor in particular that troubles arose in meeting the new needs, not in the mere pulling down of existing partitions and the replanning of the bedroom space, but by reason of the great difference in levels. In one room there was a drop in the floor level of nine inches, in a width of 12ft., and as this quite precluded any satisfactory use of movable furniture, the expedient of built-in painted furniture was adopted. Unfortunately it is not possible, owing to the limitations of the camera, to show this room successfully, nor the very pleasant boys' room at one end of the house. Throughout all the bedrooms, but more especially in the one with the built-in furniture, the claims of the modern designer are made manifest, and bright colour is used. It has all been cleverly conceived and very skilfully carried out, and if in certain parts what has been done may not accord with the view adopted by those who believe in keeping to old furniture in an old house, it is none the less interesting, more especially as Mr. Heal has here had the courage to adopt in his own house the tenets he sets forth for others to follow.

R. RANDAL PHILLIPS.



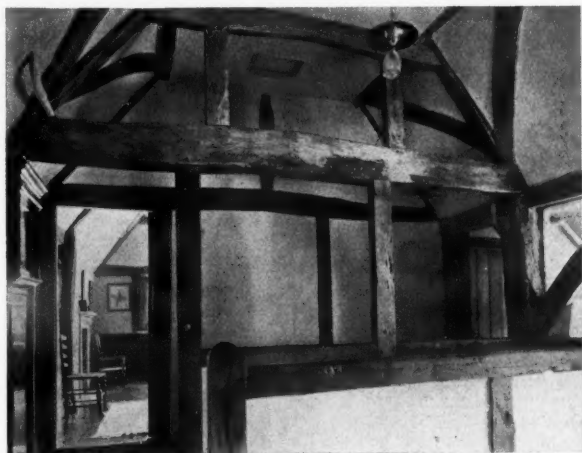
DINING-ROOM, WITH OLD PANELLING AND MODERN FURNITURE.



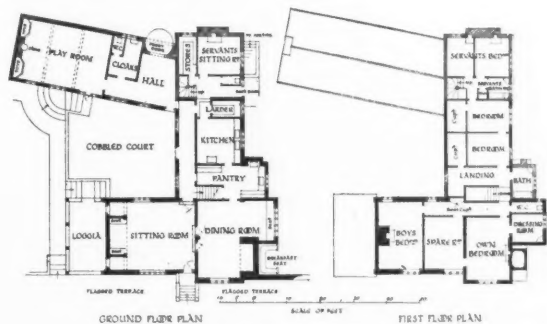
Copyright.

PLAYROOM, CONVERTED FROM CART-SHED.

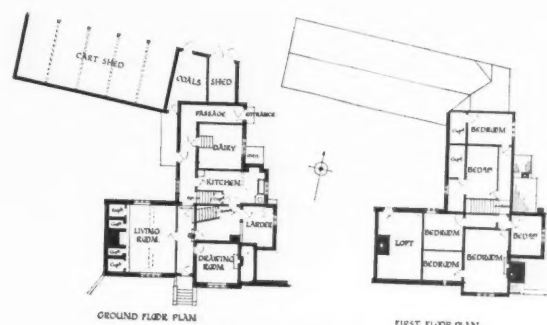
"C.L."



THE HEAD OF THE STAIRCASE.



AFTER ALTERATION.



BEFORE ALTERATION.

# NEARING THE CLOSE OF FLAT RACING

## THE RACE FOR THE LIVERPOOL CUP

THE flat racing season of 1921 is fast hurrying to its close, and only two more weeks of strenuous racing remain before the season of National Hunt sport is ushered in with no interval of any kind. It is a breathless business. Owners, trainers, and especially those tens of thousands who have been backing their fancies, are busy assessing gains and losses. I hope they have much on the credit side, but I suppose it is anticipating the improbable to imagine that the bookmakers have had a losing year. One could not reconcile such an improbable state of things with the anxiety they have been showing to have the law corrected in reference to their liability to be sued for payments made by cheque. In the matter of the politics of the Turf that has been the sensation of this end of the racing season. We should know almost at once what chance the brief amending bill introduced by Lord Muir-Mackenzie has of going unchallenged through the House of Commons.

Most of the season's best performers have gone into their winter's retirement. Some, indeed, will not be seen again on a racecourse, having been relegated to the stud. Of the classic winners, Craig an Eran and Polemarch are to stay in training another year. There is no reason, of course, why they should not do so as they are both sound horses and are well engaged next year. Where they are concerned it must be merely a question of their maintaining their form to be certain of adding very materially to their winnings. The Oaks winner, Love in Idleness, will not, it is understood, race again, and will forthwith retire to the paddocks of her owner's stud at Manton, where also Lemonora, the Grand Prix winner, is to be located. I imagine that Bettina, the filly that seemed to fluke the One Thousand Guineas, has disappeared for good from the racecourse. Humorist, of course, is dead, and those complete the quintet of horses that between them appropriated the classic races. Of other prominent winners during the season I have no doubt that we shall see again Orpheus, Yutoi, Milenko and Illuminator, but Glanmerin has already gone to the stud, and it is said that Abbot's Trace will be consigned there after he has run to-day (Friday) for the Liverpool Autumn Cup. A big tactical mistake was made in putting Glanmerin's fee far to high, considering the present position of things, but the important point has now been adjusted, and I very much hope the grand sprinter will do well. In that case it will be quite a simple and justifiable matter to raise the fee. Spearwort, who won the Ascot Stakes and the Alexandra Stakes at Ascot, has been at the stud for some time past, the fee in his case being quite a moderate one.

I am rather doubtful as to whether Paragon will be trained another season. He does not give the impression that he would maintain his form, and I expect the point would speedily settle itself were some breeder to come along with an offer. He would surely do very well as a sire in Australia, though, of course, there is no reason why he should not make good here as his breeding is above reproach in every sense. Lord Astor has already sent three of his fillies to the stud. They are Pompadour, Long Suit and W.A.A.C. This owner-breeder has done wonderfully well with a select stud of very limited dimensions, and yet with a little luck he might have done so much better. One has only to recall the Derby seconds of Buchan and Craig an Eran to understand that. Of Mr. Sol Joel's winners during the past season I fear we may have seen the last of Soranus, a magnificent individual cursed by a very unsound leg. He might be a great horse could he be properly trained. Such, at any rate, is the opinion of his trainer, but in the case of Soranus he is exceptionally handicapped through having a very big top to support. He will make a great stallion when the time comes, unless I am much mistaken, for he is by Polymelus and wonderfully well bred on the dam's side. The sprinting mare, Chi-lo-Sa, in the same ownership has finished her racing career and goes to the highly successful Son in Law, most of whose stock seem able to race, and certainly they stay.

To-day (Friday) there is the race for the Liverpool Autumn Cup, and at the time of writing we are promised a most attractive race from the fact of Leighton, Monarch, Franklin, Blue Dun, Abbot's Trace, Silver Image, Crèveasse, and several others being under orders to run. Practically all of those mentioned are considerably fancied, and I might also have added the name of Fancy Man, though, personally, I have lost the belief I once had in this horse. He is simply outclassed in the best handicap company such as this is. For the same reason I am disposed to eliminate

Crèveasse, although it is possible she will do much better now that copious rain has so altered the state of the going. Perhaps the best handicapped horse in the race is Blue Dun, and, at any rate, you can make her out on the book of form to be certain of beating Abbot's Trace. That form, however, goes back some way, and meanwhile Blue Dun may have lost some of her former excellence, while I am sure that Abbot's Trace is probably some pounds better on a left-handed round course such as Liverpool is. It is curious how this should be so, but I have noticed it time after time at Liverpool, and with the possible exception of Epsom the theory that horses should be supported for certain courses, for which they show a striking partiality, applies nowhere so forcibly as it does at Liverpool. An instance that occurs to mind is that of China Cock, who a few years ago won several Liverpool Cups for Mr. Paul Nelke and was trained by the man who now trains Abbot's Trace. Then the latter has twice won there in spread-eagling fashion, and one does not forget the way he raced right away from his field for the Liverpool Summer Cup this year. Thus where this horse is concerned at Liverpool it will not do to accept past form elsewhere too literally.

Blue Dun I am going to pass over, though she will be ridden by Frank Bullock, who, I know, fancies her very much. They say jockeys are bad tipsters, but I have the greatest respect for the judgment in these matters of this most capable and well liked jockey. It seems to me that the race is going to be won by one of the three year olds. Which one? Will it be Leighton, the failure for the Derby and the short head failure for the Cambridgeshire? If it was true that he was so much short of work when he ran for the handicap at Newmarket the other day he ought to have a chance second to none of winning this Cup, for he should now be a better horse. Victor Smyth will probably be found on his back, and I fancy he is the mount this jockey would choose were he to be given his choice of rides in the race. He has been set to give 8lb. to Monarch, who, however, may be ridden at 2lb. overweight by Childs. It is a pretty big margin, because we know that Monarch is a good horse, though it is possible to exaggerate the form he showed at Sandown Park when Donna Branca beat him at only the sex allowance.

Franklin was only fourth, but it is known that he was seriously amiss in that race. The handicapper has ignored the form where Lord Carnarvon's horse is concerned. Could it be accepted, then Monarch would be a certainty to beat him again. But the Cambridgeshire running of Franklin shows that he must have been all wrong at Sandown. Therefore, I am going to express a preference for Franklin as between those two. Then the question arises as to whether Franklin can account for Leighton on the Cambridgeshire running, for the former is only allowed 2lb. for half a length. It may come to stamina deciding the issue. If Franklin stays the better then he may pull through, but I fancy it will be the general view that Leighton will be rather too good for him on this sharp track. Petrea waits for the Grosvenor Cup to-morrow, but her trainer may have a worthy substitute in Silver Image. Northern Light I do not care for, and I cannot get away from the feeling that the race lies between Leighton and Franklin. Recent form points to them, and it is recent form which counts so much at this time of the year. That is why we see so many races just now won by penalty carriers.

Next Friday there will be the race for the Derby Cup, but discussion of it can wait, especially as the running at Liverpool may well have an important bearing on it. For one thing I do not think there is a ghost of a chance of Tishy making amends by winning it. To have had any prospect of doing so she would have had to give a different show at Newbury last Saturday in the race for the Autumn Handicap won by North Waltham. It is true she ran far better than was the case in the Cesarewitch, but she ceased to have an earthly chance after covering a mile and a quarter of the mile and a half which was the distance of the race. She was rather weak looking, and if ever she is to do anything of note as a racehorse it will not be this year. I am quite satisfied on the point and I do not expect to have to eat my words, as it were, either at Derby or at Manchester. I accepted the stable estimate of her for the Cesarewitch, but I am satisfied now that they were grievously misled.

Next week end, too, there will be a highly interesting race at Hurst Park for two year olds. The enterprising managing



director of that place evidently wanted to get up a sort of championship for two year olds, and he gave £1,000 in added money, the owners having also to put up £100 in respect of each entry. So, although there is only a small entry, the race will be worth exactly £2,000 to the winner, and I have no doubt that in due course it will go to the credit of Mr. Sol Joel's account.

Some people may think that it does not require to be any more swollen than it is, but there it is; he happens to have Sicyon in the race and I fully expect the big colt will be easily good enough to win, though Lord Jersey is to throw down the gauntlet with his good colt Scamp. However, I can return to the subject next week.

PHILIPPOS.

## THE ESTATE MARKET

# EASTWELL PARK & CORSHAM COURT

**L**ORD GERARD'S mansion and the remaining 3,000 acres of Eastwell Park, Kent, have been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The park, the largest in the county, has always been noted for its sporting, and it was the subject of a special article in COUNTRY LIFE by Mr. Max Baker (on March 26th last, page 364), in which he demonstrated how "Nature and man have combined to produce high-flying pheasants at Eastwell." An illustrated description of the property was published in these columns (Vol. I, page 378).

About 2,000 acres of the outlying portions of the estate were sold in 1919. A further 400 acres changed hands at an auction at Ashford last July for £23,200. The mansion of Kentish ration was re-built about 100 years ago under the direction of Bonomi, and in 1894 Lord Gerard, who bought it in that year, expended a very large sum in improving it. He also acquired all the land necessary to give Eastwell Park the complete title to the term "in a ring fence." The said fence runs for thirteen miles in wood and brick around the park. The grounds are on a similar scale, the rose garden, for example, extending to four acres, and there are 2,000 acres of deer park. The estate fringes the old Pilgrims' Way from Charing to Canterbury, and is adjacent to Godmersham Park, which also recently passed through the hands of the Hanover Square firm. King Edward frequently stayed at Eastwell Park during the period that the Duke of Edinburgh, afterwards Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, held it. To Eastwell the Duke took his bride, the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna of Russia, and there the Queen of Rumania was born. The park was for a time in the occupation of the Duke of Abercorn, and more recently of Lady Northcote. For many centuries Eastwell Park belonged to the Winchelsea family.

All the agricultural portion of the Overstone estate, Northants, with the exception of Overstone Grange Farm, has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, and the realisations up to the present amount to £110,750, for an aggregate area of 3,982 acres.

### ELIZABETHAN GEM TO LET.

**FIELD-MARSHAL LORD METHUEN** has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to let Corsham Court, furnished, for the winter or longer, with shooting over 3,000 acres. The house, one of the finest examples of Elizabethan architecture, was illustrated and described in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. VIII, page 272) and a short reference to it was also made in these columns (Vol. XII, page 94). Corsham Court is nine miles from Bath and four miles south-west of Chippenham. Few houses have retained so well the features of the Elizabethan age. Its general plan, many gables, mullioned windows and other points speak of the period in which it was erected, though it shows some evidences of Georgian influence. The garden has undergone many changes, but it retains noble yews, a walled space, and much fine stone work.

Corsham Court was built in or about the year 1582, and Aubrey records that the builder was "customer Smyth," thus named on account of his having been a farmer of the Customs. The south front belongs to that time, while the north side and other portions were remodelled by Nash and invested with an Italian character by Charles Bellamy. "Capability" Brown also had a hand in the reconstruction of Corsham Court as well, of course, as in the gardens.

In 1602 Corsham was the property of the Hungerfords of Farleigh Castle, and was the residence of Sir Edward Hungerford, a notable leader for the Parliament. In 1746 Paul Methuen purchased the property, and the house was destined to hold the famous collection of paintings acquired by Sir Paul

Methuen, Ambassador to Madrid, who died in 1757. He was the son of Paul Methuen, who was Ambassador to Portugal and framer of the Methuen Treaty.

The title of Baron Methuen of Corsham was conferred upon the owner of Corsham Court in 1838. The place was originally a Royal manor, and from the Malmesbury Chronicle, preserved in Leland's "Collectanea," it appears that in 1358 the king and queen spent many months at Corsham and Marlborough. A Royal Charter, granted in the reign of Henry III, conferred unusually wide powers upon the inhabitants of Corsham, including those of sheriff and coroner. The school, founded by the Hungerford family, had more than one eminent man as a master, including Hasted, the compiler of the monumental "History of Kent," who died at Corsham in 1812.

In the grounds of Corsham Park are cedars and oriental planes, and one of the latter, which has plunged its branches into the ground and reared a woodland family around it, is accounted among the finest of its type in England. There is a majestic avenue of elms on the north side, and no account of Corsham Court would be complete without an allusion to the exquisite architectural gem near it, the almshouses built and endowed by Lady Margaret Hungerford in 1668. The park extends to 400 acres, with 13 acres of ornamental water, and the house has twenty-five bed and dressing rooms. As befits a house in the country hunted by the Duke of Beaufort's Avon Vale hounds, there is good stabling, and the modern necessity of a garage is well met.

### FURNEAUX PELHAM HALL.

**THE** bolection-moulding in one of the ground floor rooms, and the panelling in that, and in rooms on the first floor, where there are fluted pilasters and a frieze of arabesque strap-work, are among the many original features which remain in Furneaux Pelham Hall, Herts, the lovely old L-shaped Tudor residence, now for sale by Messrs. White, Druce and Brown. It is a two-storeyed house with attics and a tiled roof. Not all the old crow-stepped gables came under the hand of the repairer in the seventeenth century, those on the north and east fronts being as first built. There are old plastered brick mullioned windows in the attics, and many other points of the first interest architecturally. Furneaux Pelham Hall is in excellent preservation, and there are from 20 to 300 acres of land.

### FAMOUS RECTORY FOR SALE.

**BUXTED RECTORY** has had many distinguished incumbents, among them Dr. Saunders, Chancellor of St. Paul's; the Rev. William Clarke, author of a famous book on Roman, Saxon and English coins; and the noted traveller, Dr. E. D. Clarke, whose father was Rector, spent his boyhood there. The Rectory, a beautiful example of the William and Mary style, is in the market, with the consent of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, by order of the Rector, the Right Rev. T. C. Twitchell, who is having a new and smaller rectory built near the old one. He will occupy the lodge of the present Rectory until that is completed. There are two lots in the forthcoming sale, the second being the Glebe Farm, of 64 acres, including the 15 acres of Parsonage Wood, wherein is timber valued at £470, and much frontage to the main roads, with a small house and substantial buildings.

The Rectory, Lot 1, was erected in the year 1694 in stone and red brick, with a tiled roof, very ornamental chimneys and stone mullioned windows. It adjoins that great ornament of Sussex, the Buxted Deer Park. Many of the rooms are finely panelled, and they have oak doors, floors and, in one case, a ceiling of the

same material. There are nine bed and dressing rooms and a couple of bathrooms. Messrs. Powell and Co. will offer Buxted Rectory at the Mart on Tuesday next. Yew hedges are a feature of the old world grounds, as well as a fishpond of over an acre. Orchard and kitchen garden and other desirable adjuncts make the property an attractive residential proposition. The Rectory has just over 10 acres attached to it.

### PRIOR'S BARTON, WINCHESTER.

**MILNER'S** "History of Winchester" very properly devotes space to a description of Prior's Barton, or, as it was originally called, De la Barton, the interesting old residence which has just been purchased by Messrs. Harding and Harding on behalf of a client. The property, which dates from the reign of King Stephen, was up to the time of the Reformation in the hands of Benedictines from St. Swithun's Priory, and presumably a place of importance, being surrounded by a moat.

### HENLEY PARK, PIRBRIGHT.

**HENLEY PARK**, Pirbright, is to come under the hammer in the New Year, having been for some months for sale, privately, through Messrs. Alfred Savill and Sons and Messrs. Richard Ellis and Son. Lord Chief Justice Glynne, who presided over the Courts in the time of the Usurpation, or his son, John, purchased it, and from that ownership it passed to the Earl of Tilney by marriage. In 1784 Henley Park was bought from Solomon Dayrolis by Henry Halsey, an ancestor of the present owner. Henley Park is a seventeenth century residence, now much covered with creepers, standing in extensive grounds, wherein is a tree planted by King Edward to commemorate his visit there in 1900 when Prince of Wales. There is a lake of eight acres, and the glasshouses are of unusual extent. The whole estate has an area of over 1,300 acres.

Sir John E. Barlow's estates at Torkington, to be sold shortly, embrace some of the acknowledged beauty spots of East Cheshire.

Bailrigg came under the hammer of Mr. T. E. Birkbeck (Messrs. Procter and Birkbeck) at Lancaster, to be bought in as a whole, and from a detailed summary of the lots which has been sent us, the separate lots seem to have met with a similar fate, despite the fact that fully 500 people attended the auction and that the bidding was brisk, up to a point, for all but one lot. The principal withdrawn lot was Bailrigg and Home Farm, 363 acres, for which bids began at £15,000 and ended at £24,000. Hazelrigg Farm, 157 acres, was withdrawn at £3,700, and Blea Tarn Farm, 126 acres, at £2,600.

Barrells, Henley-in-Arden, including the mansion, park and 600 acres, will be offered by Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker, whose recent sales include Sunnyside, 23 acres, at Whitebrook, Monmouthshire. Marton Glebe Farm, Birdingbury, 74 acres, has changed hands since the auction through Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock. Messrs. Collins and Collins have sold Northleigh, Wimborne, to a client of Messrs. Rumsey and Rumsey. The property, about 20 acres, was withdrawn a few days ago at £5,400.

### SHERNFOLD PARK, SUSSEX.

**SHERNFOLD PARK**, in the magnificently wooded district of Frant, on the borders of Kent and Sussex, near Tonbridge, is for sale by Messrs. Collins and Collins, on behalf of the executors of the late Mr. B. Newgass. The Georgian mansion stands 600ft. above sea level in a park of 200 acres, close to the Royal Ashdown Forest and Crowborough Golf courses, in a first-rate all-round sporting country, withal within forty miles of London.

ARBITER.

# SHOOTING NOTES

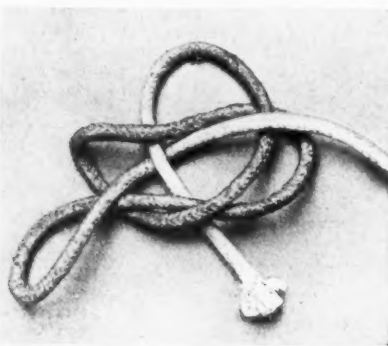
By MAX BAKER.

## THE KING'S MOOR.

**A** CORRESPONDENT writes: "The Balmoral Moor, where the King shoots when in residence at Balmoral, is only a Balmoral moor in that its extreme south-western point reaches—save for the intervention of the Braemar Road—to Balmoral Bridge. Its proper name is Gairnside and Micras, and it is leased by His Majesty from Farquharson of Invercauld. The moor forms a large irregular triangle of some 11,000 acres, between the tumbling, sparkling waters of the Gairn on the north, and the larger and more dignified Dee on the south. A few lonely farms, each with its little bit of cultivated ground, break the monotony of the Glengairn Road, and in one of them, not so many years ago, lived an old man who would tell you, with natural pride, that he had been postilion to the Duchess of Kent, the mother of Queen Victoria. Perhaps in 1891 the moor was at its best, when, with only five days' driving, 1,100 brace were got for the season, and again in 1892, 1,000 brace; but later, the terrible winter of 1894-95 (when the ground was covered for weeks with hard frozen snow), killed the birds and drove them south by thousands, and for the next eight years the bags were very small. It was not till about 1884 that driving grouse was introduced on Deeside; before that time, after perhaps a fortnight's shooting, when birds would "sit" to dogs, the only way to get a bag at all was a long and weary walk, one might almost call it a stalk, after grouse grown wary, wild and unapproachable, resulting, perhaps, in a bag of some ten or twelve brace. But after 1903 came a great change. King Edward, who then took over the moor, gave the ground a long and much-needed rest, and, later, King George pensioned off the old keeper and put in his place a young man who saw faithfully to the destruction of vermin and the judicious burning of heather in the spring—the two absolute requisites for obtaining a good stock of grouse. New and better butts were now put up, the moor was shot for a few years very sparingly and wisely, giving the birds every chance to recover; the result being that in 1911 somewhat late in the season a party of eleven guns, of whom the writer of this note was fortunate enough to be one, made a bag in one day of over 250 brace. This was on the Micras side of the moor, which was always thought to be the worse side. The King himself accounted for eighty-one birds at the last butt of the day. During the war the moor had another long rest, only a few birds being shot from time to time by the keepers to prevent overcrowding, and consequent disease; and now, he who records these memories is, alas! no longer able to go each year to Scotland, old age and illness having laid their grip upon him—but he understands that the shooting is as good as ever."

## A HINT ABOUT FERRET LINES.

About this time of year in 1908 I was getting ready to deal with the rabbits, and the keeper told me he wanted a ferret line, but apparently the one thing he would not tolerate was the article sold as such. His preference was for the necessary yards of a species of round lamp-wick which was formerly employed



THE BEST STRING FOR A FERRET LINE.

to make darkness visible in cottages and such like. He made several fruitless journeys, but at last his persistence was rewarded. A splendid line it proved, for, never kinking and so never catching hold of tree roots and other projections in rabbit holes, it probably saved us many a spell with the spade. These recollections came back to mind when a few weeks ago I dropped in at a ship chandler's, where, noticing his stock of lamp-wick, I enquired whether his many varieties included the round sort. Apparently he had never heard of such a thing. String is one of those things which easily begets the hoarding instinct, so there was nothing out of the ordinary when a few days later I stopped to examine the display of a twine dealer, by name Sadler, who carried on business at Ipswich. Having forgotten all about lamp-wick, I nevertheless went in to enquire about a ball of exceptionally stout plaited cotton string, unlike any other in my collection. The price being 4s. per pound, I purchased 4 ozs., or about 18 yds. Before leaving I enquired what the use might be for so unusual a brand of string, and the attendant explained that it was chiefly in demand for ferret lines. Later in the day I recounted my adventure to a young gamekeeper on a large neighbouring estate, and he

told me that only the day before his brother had been bewailing the annoying propensity of ferret lines to get kinked up in holes. This particular sample he regarded as certain to overcome the difficulty, so I cut off a length for his brother to try. The head-keeper, who joined us during the conversation, said that he knew the shop well, but had never noticed this particular ball of string, nor would he have connected it with ferret line. Catchpole, my original instructor, used to mark off the equivalent of knots by drawing tassels of worsted through its substance.

## THE FINANCE OF GAME PRODUCTION.

To correct vague but damaging misconceptions I am anxious to establish closer touch than has hitherto been attempted with the working of shooting properties of every stamp. The public mind is obsessed with the idea that game costs an absurd amount to produce and that its presence on land is detrimental to husbandry. Many who ought to know better circulate the libel. I remember that on the Game Committee a lady who represented the Consumers' Council, when told that a certain estate produced huge quantities of game, hazarded the opinion that it was presumably land laid waste for the purpose. When assured that it was some of the most productive arable land in the country, she merely retorted: "I shouldn't have thought so"; such being the effect of childhood's history teaching anent the New Forest. A letter just to hand from Lord Ashburton's estate records that a further four days' shooting produced 1,858 head of game, the partridge total being then 3,433, with the round 4,000 in prospect, and an equal number of pheasants. Prejudice notwithstanding, nobody can gainsay the fact that game birds acquire more than three-fourths of their substance from harmful seeds and insects, or from material which would otherwise go to waste. Where, then, is the justification for the alleged high cost of game production, and is land which is bereft of game more productive in crops? The argument may be put in another way. Proprietors of sporting estates presumably keep accounts, and they presumably debit in the game ledger keepers' wages, rearing expenses, beaters' wages on shooting days, shooting rates, and so on and so forth. On the credit side is the game sent to market and donations in kind to all and sundry. The balance is not necessarily a loss, but if the guinea a head fallacy is to be justified we should see as many thousands loss as there are head of game bagged—which is absurd. An accountant might argue that the value of the land utilised should be brought into reckoning; but the reply is that the land is already there, the agricultural proportion duly let to farmers, the woods supplying timber to market. In the opposite sense are the incidental services of preservation; the removal of vermin, the prevention of destructive trespassing (a very big item in some districts), employment of odd hands in the slack winter season, and the special interest which a sporting landlord devotes to the care of his estate. It looks very much as though game fully pays its way and that the sport and recreation afforded are so much clear profit rather than a wasteful extravagance.

## THE FASCINATION OF MARSHLAND ESTATES.

For a fairly wealthy man who retains some of the instincts of the earlier sand-digging stage of life there is no more fascinating pursuit than the maintenance of an estate bounded by sea walls. Mr. Binney of Tolleshunt d'Arce owns about six miles of sea wall, and they enclose one of the most interesting areas in East Anglia. Several times have I been escorted over this estate and revelled in the opportunities it affords for stealing unawares under the cover of these walls to view bird species of the kind beloved by Lord Grey of Fallodon. One year there were a pair of white birds of the heron tribe to which no one could give a name. They were too small for white herons, and I am practically certain they were not spoonbills. I unavailingly implored Mr. J. E. Harting, perhaps our premier naturalist of the day, to come down with me and identify them. They were easy to stalk, on one occasion they circled over my head at a low altitude, well within gunfire; but being unarmed at the time I did not qualify for that universal chorus of reproach which greets the obtaining of a rare specimen. Colonel Davis of Walton-on-the-Naze is another such proprietor, a life-long enthusiast over wild-fowl, he is one of the most fascinating raconteurs with whom I have discussed these subjects. He took me a cruise in his backwaters in the gunning launch which he used for the daylight pursuit of Brent geese on the open sea, and I illustrated this man-of-war-looking craft in the *Yachting Monthly* of January, 1910. Truly, Colonel Hawker has left numerous descendants, but their opportunities are becoming even more restricted by the advance of civilisation. Changes also are occurring on some of the favourite feeding grounds. As new deposits are being made, stretches of flats formerly of oleaginous mud are imperceptibly becoming harder, so that the *Zostera marina*—to use the botanical term, which no self-respecting writer on wildfowl must omit—is finding a less congenial habitat. However, with the help of occasional devastations half-and-half sea and land areas are always being extended, so that the time is long distant when a most interesting group of birds will be deprived of appropriate feeding grounds and shelter.